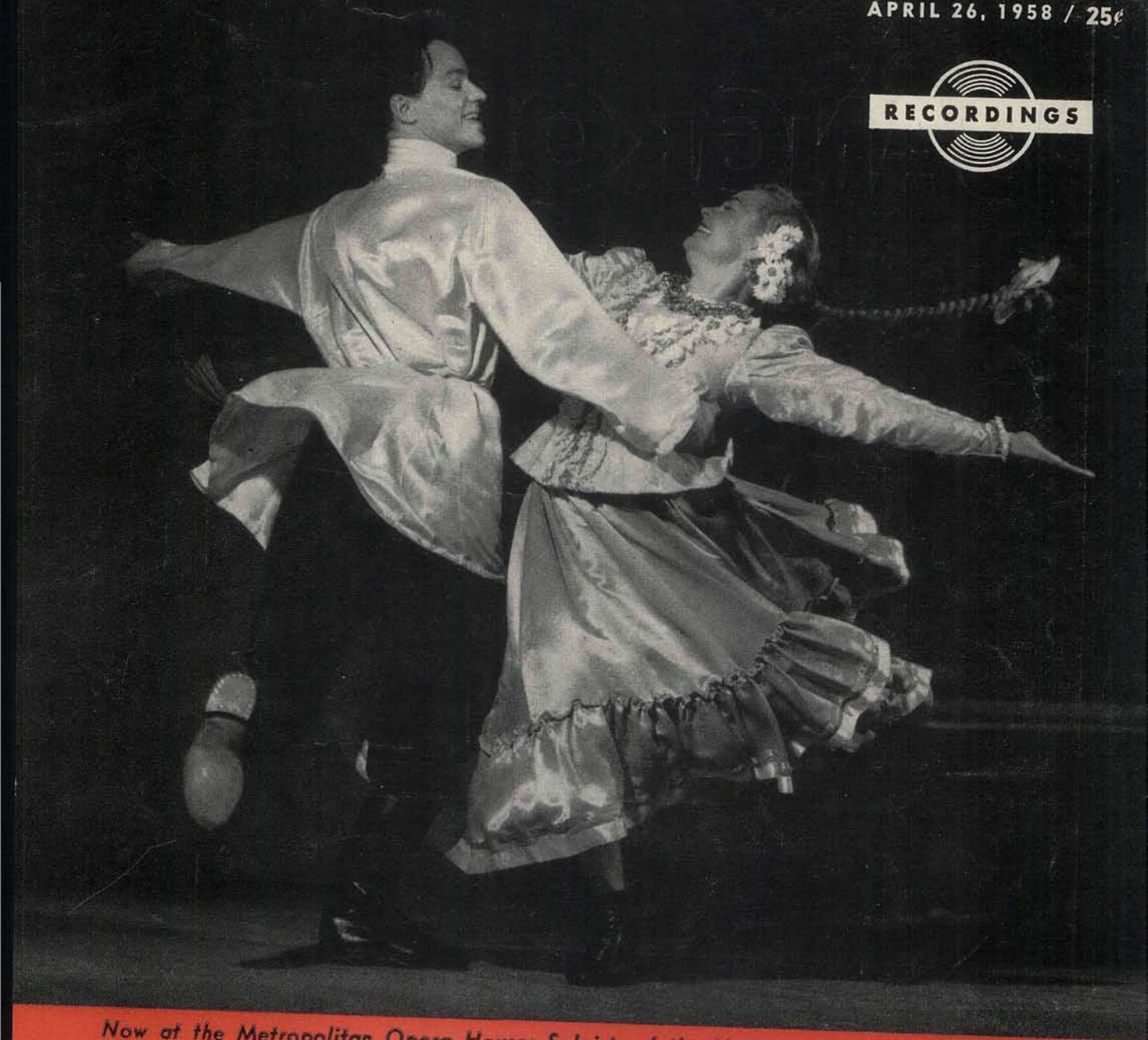
Saturday Review

APRIL 26, 1958 / 25¢

RECORDINGS



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(See RECORDINGS)

THE WRITER AND THE CLINIC

By Edmund Fuller

FITZGERALD: BARD OF THE JAZZ AGE

By Maxwell Geismar

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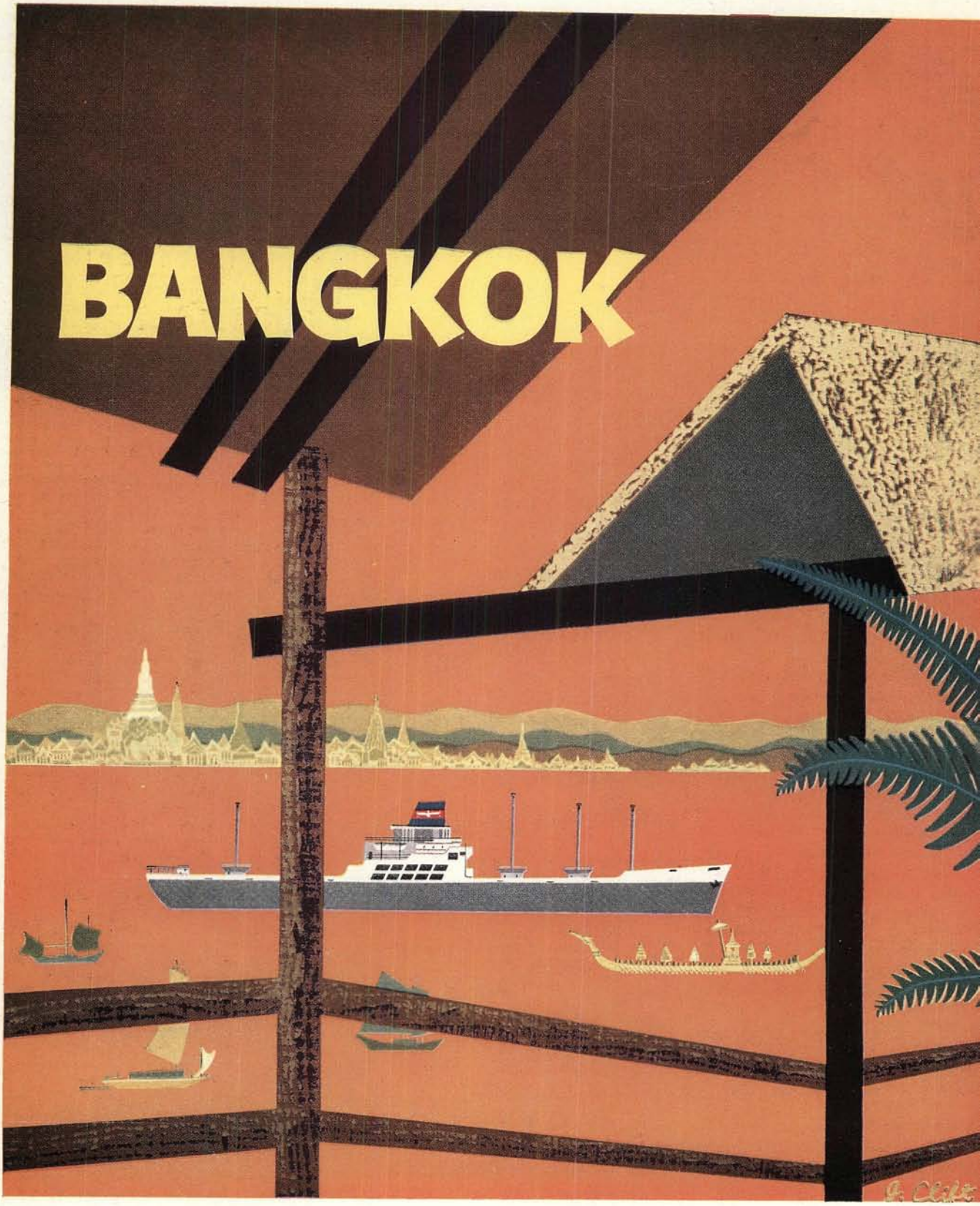

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(Advertisement)

I wonder whether the American Book Publishers Council has ever thought of joining forces with the American Dental Association to help promote reading.

For myself, I can't think of a better group of people than dentists to be talking about books, for they have the absolutely captive audience.

I got this idea from my own dentist who has frequently introduced me to good books while performing various operations in my mouth. Of course he's not always successful in selling books to all his patients. "Getting some people to read," he once said, "is like pulling—". Here he smiled embarrassedly and changed the subject.

But he has many patients who do listen and for them I have recently sent him copies of two books I have enjoyed: "The Travels of Jaimie McPheeters," a fine novel by Robert Lewis Taylor about a young boy and his father on their way to the California Goldfields, and "The Battle of Cowpens," an account of an important engagement in the Revolution which was the last historical work to be completed by Kenneth Roberts before his recent death.

There must be other dentists like mine, and if the book publishers would like to seek them out, I could suggest a slogan for a joint program: "See your dentist at least twice a year, your bookseller at least once a week."

For, after all, is there any better pain-killer, in or out of the dentist's chair, than good talk about good books?

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"The Travels of Jaimie McPheeters" ($4.50), by Robert Lewis Taylor, and "The Battle of Cowpens" ($3.50), by Kenneth Roberts, are published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Ave., New York 22, New York. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, four of which are located in Metropolitan St. Louis. I assume that you know your dentist's address and phone number.

The Saturday Review

APRIL 26, 1958

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SR/IDEAS

9 The Writer and the Clinic, by Edmund Fuller

20 True Law, by Robert N. Wilkin

SR/BOOKS

12 Literary Horizons

13 The Ordeal of Woodrow Wilson, by Herbert Hoover
Reviewed by Eric F. Goldman

14 The Decision to Intervene, by George F. Kennan
Reviewed by Harold H. Fisher

15 Choice for Survival, by Louis J. Halle
Reviewed by Frank Altschul

16 India and America, by Phillips Talbot and S. L. Poplai
Reviewed by Amiya Chakravarty

17 Fitzgerald: Bard of the Jazz Age
An Essay-Review by Maxwell Geismar of "Afternoon of an Author: A Selection of Uncollected Stories and Essays," by F. Scott Fitzgerald

18 The Gods Are Angry, by Wilfrid Noyce
Reviewed by A. C. Spectorsky

19 The Wheel of Earth, by Helga Sandburg
Reviewed by David Dempsey

26 Arabesque and Honeycomb, by Sacheverell Sitwell
Reviewed by Julian Huxley

30 Land Without Justice, by Milovan Djilas
Reviewed by Henry C. Wolfe

31 Orpheus at Eighty, by Vincent Sheean
Reviewed by George R. Marek

SR/DEPARTMENTS

4 Trade Winds

6 Literary Crypt

21 Letters to the Editor

23 Music to My Ears

24 Broadway Postscript

25 *SR* Goes to the Movies

30 Literary I. Q.

36 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1257

37 *SR* Recordings for May

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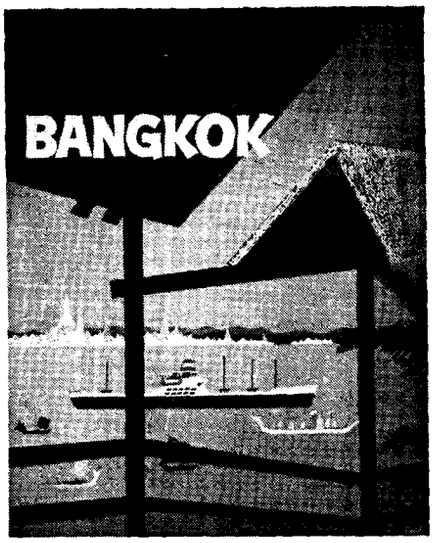

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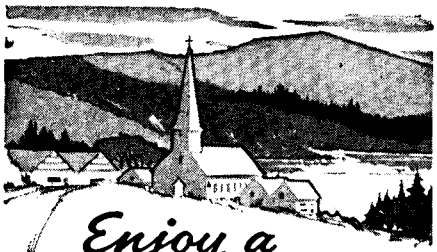

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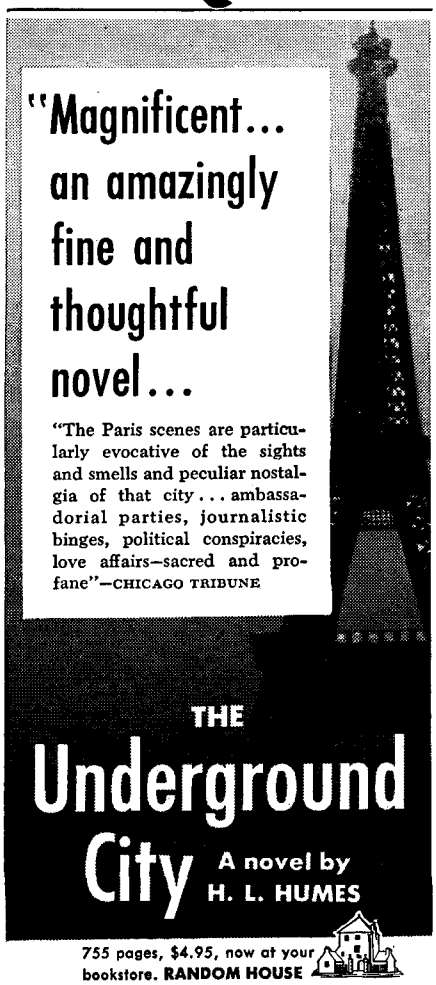

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TRADE Winds

ONE OF THE FIRST things a playwright must learn is not how to write plays; it's how to take advantage of advice. It is axiomatic that plays are a collaborative effort. The theatre has long been recognized as the quintessence of the arts—and a play is actually no more than a piece of sheet music, requiring the harmonic efforts of many talented people to bring it into being.

This is all true.

However, in the course of a pre-Broadway tour in New Haven, Philadelphia, and Boston, I have developed certain infallible techniques to aid the future playwright who would care to take advantage of every possible parcel of outside help in bringing his play into final form.

ALL ASSISTANCE—voluntary and involuntary—starts at the point when a playwright submits his script to his agent for circulation to producers. Comments you get at this stage of the game are usually better ignored, because they would tend to discourage the playwright from even letting his agent read it.

"You've got a great character in Farnsworth," somebody will say. "As a matter of fact he runs away with the play. Have you thought of scrapping the rest of it, and starting all over with him?"

OFTEN, THIS IS very sound advice, but when you consider the fact that dialogue at top speed requires an average of two days' work for five pages, it is a remark not calculated to inspire cheer on the part of the desperate writer.

When the play gets up on its feet, naked and exposed, say in New Haven, the writer then begins to receive his greatest nourishment from many outside sources.

It is only natural, of course, that the first assistance will come from friends. These fall roughly into three classifications: Good, Bad, and Enemies.

YOUR GOOD FRIENDS are likely to tell you: "Well, there is *something* there. I don't know quite what it is. But it's *there*. Keep at it, old boy. We're with you."

This is inspiring, but not likely to help you find the curtain line for Act I, Scene 3.

Your bad friends will tell you: "It's perfect. Don't touch a line. Don't let anything change. You're in. Get going on the next one."

For any playwright, the Enemies form by far the largest group at this point of the game. You've had no sleep for three days. You're harassed, embittered, dour. Among your enemies at this particular stage of your psyche are included your father, sisters, wife, children, people you have known and trusted for over fifteen years, former professors you've loved and respected, ministers, family physicians, and your own personal mother. In fact, when you examine the situation on, say, the Sunday morning in New Haven after your first five performances, it is fairly safe to say that there are no friends except those in the Enemy camp.

Answer: Brood alone.

BY FAR THE MOST productive collaborative help is available from strangers. These fall roughly into several classifications also: taxidrivers, waiters, bellhops, elevator boys, ushers, letter-writers, and friends. The latter group has already been covered, but several of the former bear examination.

Take taxidrivers, for instance.

As a group, they are known for

their salty wit and their broad, compassionate view of life distilled out of comprehensive experience. But the ones I seem to run into are the exception to this rule, and I cannot seem to get the help which ordinarily would be forthcoming.

"What have you overheard about the new show at the Wilbur?" I'd ask a driver in Boston.

"Not too much," comes the answer. "That's the new picture in Cinema-Scope, isn't it?"

There is no future in this kind of comment.

Waiters, however, are more productive.

"Think you could slip me a couple

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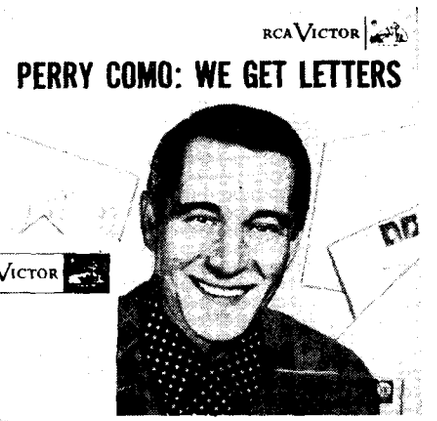

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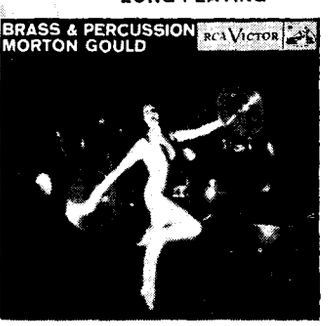

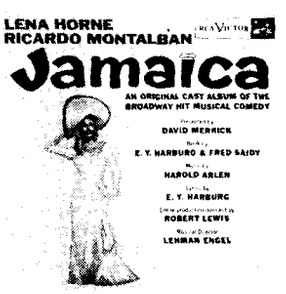

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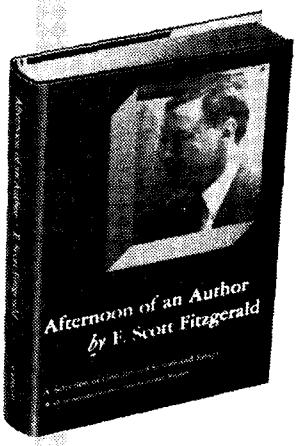

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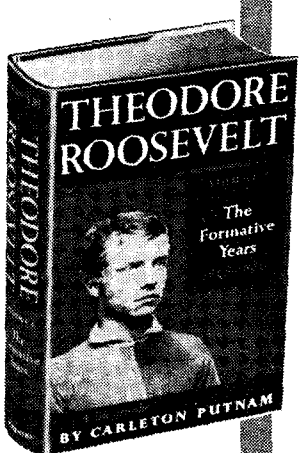

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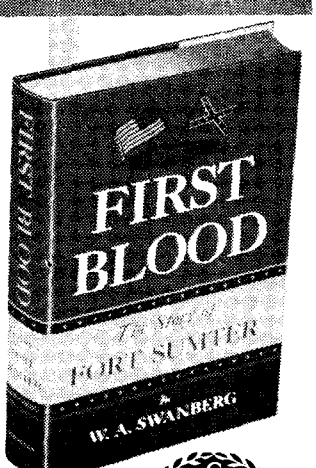

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of Oakleys for Thursday night?" they'll say. "*Orchestra?*"

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Bellhops have been known to come up with brilliant ideas for a script.

One of them will say: "Are you the guy who wrote this play running at the Walnut?"

I will nod, just a little proudly.

"Brother!" the bellhop will say, and go tripping on down the hall.

THE MEAT OF ALL OUTSIDE collaborative help to the playwright comes indirectly, through the ancient and honorable art of eavesdropping.

There are three basic places to do this. The lobby, the aisles, and craning your neck over the last row of seats during the performance without letting the customers know it. I believe I was only slapped once during the entire tour doing this.

In the lobby, the best technique is to stand rather casually, a cigarette in hand, looking just a little bit aloof. Nobody will ever recognize you, and you are secure in the knowledge that what you overhear will be straight from the shoulder and right from the heart of the customer's wallet. I list

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 774

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 774 will be found in the next issue.

V DGPM XTQYE RTZM

TX ADM FMRA KMGRTYR

V MPMK DGE XTK

KMZGVYVYW GA ADM

FTAATZ RVZBCN FN

CTTUVYW GA ADM ZMY

GA ADM ATB.

—XKGYU HTCFN.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 773

A poet must, to some extent be a chameleon, and feed on air.

—FRANCIS THOMPSON.

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You know now—as you knew then—that if you had it to do all over again, you'd do it—but *why*?

—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1256)

FRANCES E. CLARKE:
OF CATS AND MEN

Not all domestic cats of today are of Egyptian ancestry, any more than all Southerners are descended from the great plantation owners. But every cat, even if all his ancestors came from Central Europe, likes to think that once his people were gods in Egypt.

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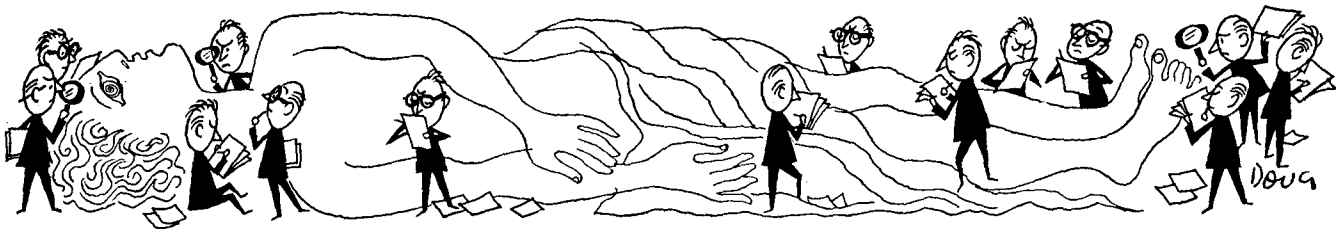
The Saturday Review
APRIL 26, 1958

The Writer and the Clinic

This reflection on the manners which ought to be shared by literature and society is taken from a forthcoming volume of criticism, "Man and Modern Fiction" (Random House, $3.50). Now teaching at Kent School in Connecticut, Edmund Fuller has also instructed at Columbia and has himself written two novels as well as many other books and articles. (Copyright 1958 by Edmund Fuller.)



By EDMUND FULLER

IN the course of our married life, my wife and I have read a good many books out loud, a practice which is productive of a variety of rewards and skills and is certainly one way to absorb a book. When "From Here to Eternity" burst upon the waiting world we found ourselves in the home of a friend who had just read it. I said "We must read that—perhaps we can do it out loud." Our friend said, "Well—you need to know somebody extremely well to read 'From Here to Eternity' out loud."

He was right, in more ways than he had in mind. To read much of our contemporary fiction out loud is not only to be slapped in the face by its scabrous aspects, but to discover its frequent paucity of sound and vocabulary, the inanity of much of its dialogue, the monotony of its invective, and the repetitiveness of its narrative devices.

There is a strange enormity involved in the license now freely used by writers in subject matter, situation, and language. Because the legal regulations and standards of customary practice governing newspapers and periodicals are more restrictive than those relating to books there are frequent cases where it would be impossible, in newspaper reviews or periodical criticism, to quote fully and extensively from passages under debate. The critic may find himself prevented from exhibiting the thing against which he protests (or which he defends). In the same way, common restraints of taste and due regard for public opinion (without any question of Nice-Nellyism) limit and inhibit such textual quotation and discussion on the platform or for any public gathering unless in the relatively clinical tone of some classrooms. This is a problem I have run up against in lecturing. We have a literature today a considerable portion of which could not be read aloud in public without inviting either the police or the lynch rope.

One of the factors contributing to embarrassment is the upsurge of the narrowly clinical in material and treatment. Ira Wolfert has spoken of the danger of the writer "becoming medical and, thus, trivial." The problem of the case-history approach to character is involved here. The psychiatrist knows that his clinical case record is not complete, even though it may be sufficient for therapeutic use. We can never know *all* the facts—it is one of the limitations of being human.

The novelist never knows all the facts. Even Joyce's monumental experiments could not be held to have captured all the data of Leopold Bloom's day or H. C. Earwicker's night. We understand this limitation, tacitly. But the mediocre writer, trying to tie up and explain his character as if in a clinical case record, produces a false effect of omniscience arising out of the pretense of a hyperrealism or naturalism—common and sometimes convenient words but nevertheless deplorable since reality and nature are not *in* art, although art may be *about* them.

MORE and more we see in novels and short stories material treated in fashions appropriate only to such clinical case studies as those of, say, Dr. Wil-

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helm Stekel. I hold, in principle, the belief that no area of human behavior is automatically taboo or precluded from the use of the artist. But the artist is artist—not clinician. The methods and devices of recording and presentation used in the clinic are not appropriate or legitimate for the artist and cannot be employed by him under the pretense that they are art. Novelized, such material is neither true clinical data nor art, but becomes something different from either and not pleasant to contemplate.

Tennessee Williams, in his novel "The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone," and in some of his short stories (perhaps less so in his plays simply because of the police), leads us through the quagmires not merely of homosexuality, but of masochism, sadism, and cannibalism. A fine example of Mr. Williams at work is in his volume, "One Arm, and Other Stories." Anything in the collection might serve, but let us take a moment for "Desire and the Black Masseur," described on the jacket as a "famous excursion into the logic of the macabre."

A little man of thirty, named Burns, in New Orleans, has "an instinct for being included in things that swallowed him up": family, job. "He had no idea what his real desires were." At a Turkish bath, one day, he finds himself being massaged by a giant Negro masseur. The almost savage ferocity of the ministrations awakened new sensations in Burns, "until all at once a knot came loose in his loins and released a warm flow . . . So by surprise is a man's desire discovered, and once discovered, the only need is surrender, to take what comes and ask no questions about it . . ."

Burns continues to frequent the masseur, notwithstanding broken ribs, until one time a leg is broken. The manager throws out both masseur and client. It is near the end of Lent, and what ensues is liberally intermingled with symbols of the Passion, a juxtaposition always popular with our decadents.

Burns is carried to the masseur's own room and there the massage continues for a week until Burns dies—ineffably happy. His last whispered words: "You know what you have to do now? . . . The black giant nodded . . . The giant began to devour the body of Burns. It took him twenty-four hours to eat the splintered bones clean." He then ties up the "bare white bones" in a croker sack, rides to the end of a streetcar line (named Desire?) and drops them into the lake.

I haven't made it up. I haven't exaggerated. You can buy the book and read it, to see.

Apart from anything else, it becomes abundantly clear at once that Mr. Williams has never eaten a body, or even tried to. If he had, he would know that the thing simply isn't practical, let alone in twenty-four hours, raw—and he would know that the mess is something incalculably fearful before you arrive at those bare, splintered white bones in the croker sack. Why, the man must have eaten enough Southern fried chicken to be able to see how ludicrously he has oversimplified the job. I found myself so distracted by these considerations that I never got around to the "logic of the macabre" for which I'm told the story is famous.

Wandering from Lent in New Orleans to the scene of the shabby vagrant urinating under the balcony of Mrs. Stone's villa in Rome, where she throws the key down to him, we have traversed the representative range of Williams-land and can quietly withdraw. But we will find should we wish, or whether we wish them or not, similar edifications in the novels of Alberto Moravia, Norman Mailer, Nelson Algren, Paul Bowles, and a goodly fellowship of others.

From the writers' colony presided over by Mrs. Lowney Handy have come not only James Jones and Tom C. Chamales, but a writer named Gerald Tesch, with a novel most appropriately named "Never the Same Again." His publishers hailed Mr. Tesch as "a fresh and important new talent" and said that his novel "breathes the spirit of adolescence in all its frustrations and uncertain joys." The book was so nearly a travesty of its own genre that it disappeared into oblivion, but it had an importance, both because of its source of origin and inspiration and as an example of a tendency run amuck.

"Never the Same Again" is preoccupied, in the order of their importance, with the prolonged homosexual seduction of a thirteen-year-old boy by a mature man in the course of a summer, retrospection about the seducer's youthful incestuous relations with his own mentally unstable sister, and the broken marriage and somewhat casual amours of the boy's mother with whom his seducer hovers on the verge of an affair. These are the bald facts of the story.

As to Mr. Tesch's talents, he writes well, characterizes with a good bit of precision and force, and confronts us with some unquestionably authentic human behavior. We can believe this case study all too easily. Yet as a piece of fiction I count it one of the most unwholesome and distasteful items in a wide and long professional experience of reading.

As it is set before us, the story of Johnny Parish and Roy Davies is humanly, but not artistically, tragic. It is a matter of social concern and calls for compassion and therapeutic treatment. To paraphrase Arthur Miller, attention must be paid to such people—but by whom, in what context, and by what methods?

MR. Tesch, rejecting utterly the arts of suggestion and inference, prolongs with nauseating insistence dialogues and actions which the reader has fully and sufficiently comprehended, for the purposes of art, when the author had no more than approached them. His many pages of data of a clinical nature, embedded in a novel, lose the asepsis of the clinic and become noisome and festering—possibly ever contagion breeding. What is to the clinic a necessary examination—as it is medically necessary to examine feces—can be in the novel only a morbid preoccupation. The data of the clinic are for the eye and use of the trained, not for the diverse audience of fiction, and they exist for healing use, not for diversion and titillation.

Tesch has not incorporated in his novel any elements to illuminate, interpret, heal, or redeem the mes which he insists upon detailing so specifically. Neither is he professionally competent, clinically. Some such

In the Lions' Den

By Sara Henderson Hay

DEAR Daniel, do not be afraid.
Between these frowning beasts and you
Is set a heavenly barricade;

A wall invisible, but strong,
A barrier so stoutly made
They cannot scale it, nor break through,
Nor claw it down by stealth or force.

It is disquieting, of course,
To hear them snarling all night long,
Prowling the room; to turn your head
And meet their eyes' unwinking glow—

But try to put it out of mind.
The wall is very well designed.
Poor Daniel, do not tremble so!
It really doesn't mean a thing
The way they crouch, as if to spring . . .

Good Heavens! Down, sir! Let it go!!

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function can be the only basis for the writer's claim to unlimited freedom in the selection and use of materials. Novels such as "Never the Same Again" jeopardize that freedom by employing it without the responsibility which goes with all freedom.

Presumably Mr. Tesch is concerned for his boy, Johnny, and the seducer, Roy—and so am I. But while he gives us specific accounts of what they have said and done he leaves us dark on what it all means and what could or should be done for them.

This author knows how to be cryptic and to work by indirection at the wrong time and place. He concludes the story with a series of incidents so vaguely suggested that we scarcely know whether Johnny is alive or dead. He could well have been cryptic and vague about the sexual acts and discussions and specific about their meaning. He insists on rubbing our noses in what could be understood clearly by indirection, yet disdains to let us know the thing without which this work is a vain exercise—how he, the artist, evaluates it.

Now, as often in such discussions, it may be asked, "Has not Mr. Tesch given us an experience?" He has, indeed, but he has done no more. To give the reader an experience is only a part, not the whole, of the writer's function. It is giving us evaluated experience that distinguishes the great or the good writer, whether the evaluation be spelled out specifically, or whether it is tacit in the total context of characters, actions, and conditions that he sets before us to represent his world. (It is always the writer's world that we enter in art—never the objective world.)

For contrast to the common contemporary use of the clinical detail and the unevaluated presentation of such experience, I suggest the three chapters omitted from the original edition of Dostoevsky's "The Possessed," but published in recent years under the title "Stavrogin's Confession," translated by Virginia Woolf and S. S. Koteliansky. The subject of the confession, quite harmonious with the current vogue, is the rape of a twelve-year-old girl. The circumstances leading to this action are set forth fully, in mounting emotional-psychological-moral tension, reaching a culminating sense of horror at the moment of the act itself. But as to narrative method in presenting this material—the preparation of the ground is so thorough that the nature of the act is clear and unmistakable. The aftermath of the act is similarly developed. The act itself is not described. Why should it be? It does not need to be. What purpose could be served? Yet the schools of the Messrs. Williams, Mailer, Algren, Tesch, and Bowles, *et al.*, would probe for the limits of the law in spelling out the action of this rape, while leaving out all that concerns Dostoevsky.

Now undoubtedly Dostoevsky, too, has given us an experience—an appalling and painful one, but entirely legitimate for the artist, as is any form of human experience or action. But he has omitted what only the doctor or the court of law might have legitimate need to pursue in detail. And he has not dropped this experience into our laps unevaluated.

HE shows us a man under the burden of guilt. This disclosure is called a confession, and it is made, both orally and in writing, to a monk, though not in the formal context of the confessional box. While it is shown that human beings are capable of such actions, and while compassion is displayed for them, there is no doubt about the obloquy, outrage, and guilt of the deed. We are told that a man has an immortal soul jeopardized by such acts, but that even these have not precluded either the mortal or immortal salvage, redemption, and rehabilitation of that soul. This, then, is a total, not a partial, comment on the human character and condition—and this is something universal, containing truths for all sorts and conditions of men. There is, then, a productive reason or purpose for Dostoevsky to have afflicted us vicariously with such experience. Neither the materials nor the methods of evaluation of Dostoevsky are required of any writer, but the artistic obligation is the same for all who wish to make any claim to stature.

The humane genius of Dostoevsky is not content to leave this matter simply at the level of confession and absolution. As a matter of fact absolution is refused, or rejected, by the guilty Stavrogin himself, and when Father Tikhon discerns that the crisis of guilt and self-hate is so great in Stavrogin that another crime is imminent, the tormented man cries out, "You cursed psychologist!" and flees from the monastic cell.

Stavrogin, in his written confession, is insistent that "I am always master of myself when I want to be. And so let it be understood that I do not claim irresponsibility for my crimes, either on account of environment or of disease."

But Tikhon, when he has read the self-excoriating document thrust into his hands, says to Stavrogin, "Yes, it is repentance and natural need of repentance that has overcome you . . . But you, it seems, already hate and despise beforehand all those who will read what is written here, and you challenge them. You were not ashamed of admitting your crime; why are you ashamed of repentance? . . . Certain passages in your statement are emphasized; you seem to be luxuriating in your own psychology and clutch at each detail, in order to surprise the reader by a callousness which is not really in you. What is this but a haughty defiance of the judge by the accused?"

An important aspect of man's con-

(*Continued on page* 32)

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LITERARY HORIZONS

"The Power of Blackness"

By Granville Hicks

IN HIS preface to "The Power of Blackness" (Knopf, $4), Harry Levin comments on the amount of attention that colleges and universities currently devote to American literature. "This," he writes, "is a logical and productive consequence of that movement toward self-examination and rediscovery which has been under way since the First World War, and which has gained particular momentum since the Second. During the course of the forty-year discussion, which has sensitively reflected the course of contemporary history, the tone has gradually tended to change from the self-critical to the self-congratulatory."

As Professor Levin suggests, it is because the United States has become a great power that American literature has come to be more fully appreciated, both at home and abroad. But if one could wish that there were a different reason for the revaluation of our literature, a reason more intrinsically related to its merits, we may nevertheless rejoice that the merits are being recognized and subjected to careful scrutiny.

This spring has produced the usual number of volumes devoted to the great reappraisal. I shall comment only on Levin's book, but I want to mention two others: "American Classics Reconsidered" (Scribners, $4.95), edited by Harold C. Gardiner, S.J., and "Twelve Original Essays on Great American Novels" (Wayne State University Press, $5), edited by Charles Shapiro. The editor of the former emphasizes its homogeneity: "This is the first time, to my knowledge, that a group of Catholic scholars has ever engaged in a corporate appraisal of our nineteenth-century American literary heritage." Mr. Shapiro, on the other hand, observes that in selecting contributors for his book he tried to represent many points of view. Each method proves to have its value.

Harry Levin concentrates on three writers, Hawthorne, Poe, and Melville, and he examines the work of each with the critical intensity that distinguished his studies of Marlowe and Joyce. He works well below the surface, and anyone who hasn't read "The Scarlet Letter" or Poe's stories since high school—Levin comments on the irony of the traditional early introduction—may be surprised at what he finds. Through the constant analysis of symbols, rigorous but never carried to extremes, he delves through stratum below stratum of meaning.

Not much of what Levin says about the three writers is absolutely fresh, but this is as balanced a discussion as I have seen. Not so bold a critic as the late F. O. Matthiessen, to whom he pays tribute in the preface, Levin is erudite, conscientious, and sensible. This is a book that ought to be read by all those—I am afraid there are a good many—who feel that they have left Poe and Hawthorne behind them and that Melville is a good deal overrated.

Like almost any book that deals perceptively with the literature of the past, "The Power of Blackness" bears strongly on present-day literary problems. In the preface Levin announces: "Our theme will concretely link two broad assumptions: the symbolic character of our greatest fiction and the dark wisdom of our deeper minds." Probably no one will take him to task for saying this about writers who flourished a century ago, but so far as contemporary writers are concerned, there are persons to whom "symbolism" and "pessimism" are fighting words.

The attack on symbolism comes largely from those who like to read only what is clear and direct and easy to grasp. It is given a degree of plausibility by young novelists whose sophistication, at least for the moment, outruns their talent. The critics they admire think well of legends, myths, and symbols, and so they adapt legends, try to create myths, and manufacture symbols of the most dazzling complexity and artificiality. But this is a phenomenon of no great importance, whereas the role of symbolism in fiction is of enormous and abiding significance.

There is a clarifying comment on the whole problem tucked away in one of the annexes to the first volume of Arnold Toynbee's "A Study of History." "We have," he says, "empirical knowledge of three different methods of viewing and presenting the objects of our thought, and, among them, the phenomena of human life. The first method is the ascertainment and record of particular 'facts'; the second is the elucidation and formulation of general 'laws' through a process of comparative study; the third is the form of artistic creation and expression known as 'fiction.'"

Toynbee goes on to point out that history cannot do without fictions nor literature without facts, but by and large history devotes itself to specific incidents, whereas literature is concerned with "certain universally familiar experiences: for example, the experience of Marriage, which is the stock subject of Attic Comedy, and the experience of Death, which is the stock subject of Attic Tragedy."

This concept of fiction suggests that a novel or a short story is never properly concerned with an individual human being. Each one of us, as an individual human being, is interested in a certain number of other individual human beings, and we inform ourselves about them in a variety of ways. But, much as we may be interested in John Smith, our neighbor, we would not think of reading a novel about this particular John Smith. We will, however, read a novel about *a* John Smith, who stands for our neighbor, ourselves, and a lot of other people.

THERE are two principal ways of creating this fictionalized, generalized, representative John Smith. One is to create a John Smith who seems to be as sharply individualized as your neighbor and yet is a figure with whom many individuals can be identified. This is the way that is usually known as realism. It succeeds, however, not, as many people suppose, through fidelity to fact but by converting fact into fiction. Writers as diverse as Jane Austen and Leo Tolstoy prove that this can be done.

The other way is to create a John Smith—his name may be Captain Ahab or Arthur Dimmesdale or Gordon Pym; it may be K or Stephen Dedalus or Joe Christmas—who is somebody that you and I have never met and yet has the quality, to paraphrase Toynbee, of universal familiarity. This, Harry Levin would say, is the way of the great creators. Well, yes and no, but in any case it is a valid way.

The second point Levin raises is less important but more actively controversial. "Our most perceptive minds," he writes, "have distinguished themselves from our popular spokesmen by

(*Continued on page* 32)

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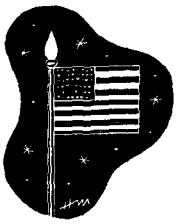
POWER POLITICS



A President Assesses a President

"The Ordeal of Woodrow Wilson," by Herbert Hoover *(McGraw-Hill. 318 pp. $6), is a study of the late President's war and peace years from 1915-1921. Its value is appraised by Eric F. Goldman, who is a professor of history at Princeton University.*

By Eric F. Goldman

THE idea of Herbert Hoover writing about Woodrow Wilson certainly has its startling aspects. This could have been an appallingly bad book; it might have been a historical work of prime importance. As it turns out, it is neither. "The Ordeal of Woodrow Wilson" is a clearly argued and informative volume.

Hoover covers the Wilson war and peace leadership from about 1915 to 1921. Hoover knew Wilson and worked with him as head of Belgian relief, Food Administrator of the United States, director of Relief and Reconstruction in Europe, and a member of the President's Economic Advisory Council at the Paris Peace Conference. A man with a strong historical sense, Hoover also has gone back through his own voluminous papers and used the unpublished correspondence of a number of other men. Few pages of the volume fail to reveal a wealth of fresh information. The historical value of the book is particularly great in its account of the dispute whether to maintain the blockade against Germany after the fighting of World War I ended.

Hoover's interpretation of Wilson's leadership is warmly favorable, at times close to the ecstatic. Here and there he makes plain his dissent—most notably in his belief that putting Article X in the League Covenant was going too far. But Hoover's general estimate is that Wilson was a statesman of the highest order—a superb administrator, sound and imaginative in the formulation of his basic policies, a prophet of constructive idealism in a world that sorely needed it. The Wilson leadership was nothing less than the unfolding of "the greatest drama of intellectual leadership in all history."

At first thought the admiration of Hoover for Wilson may seem incongruous but it is not really surprising, and it makes its own commentary on modern American history. Wilsonian internationalism had about it a quality of a none-too-extended nationalism, of a vague humanitarianism, of a crusade for changing the world that would not really leave it so different, to which men of all kinds of views could and did respond.

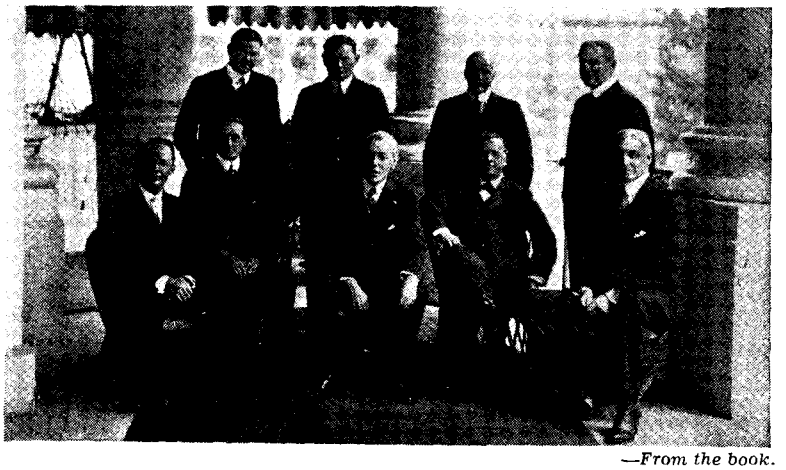
From Hoover's great admiration for Wilson comes the major theme of the book: that Wilson's war and peace leadership was an almost unending "ordeal." The American President was trying to bring a just and durable peace. His efforts, representing the idealism of the New World, were constantly thwarted by the machinations of cynical, greedy, and frenetically nationalistic politicians of the Old World, egged on by similar public opinions.

> ***"[Wilson's] eloquent development of his basis of peace . . . had stirred hope among the masses everywhere in the world. To them, no such man of moral and political power and no such evangel of peace had appeared since Christ preached the Sermon on the Mount. Everywhere men believed that a new era had come to all mankind."***
> **—"The Ordeal of Woodrow Wilson."**

It is in the way that Hoover chooses to present the "ordeal" of Wilson that the book takes on a rather depressing quality. Here is Herbert Hoover, quite knowledgeable about World War I days, an unquestionably intelligent man, an ex-President of the United States, seeing foreign policy in shockingly simple terms. Hoover leaves no doubt what was wrong with international affairs then or now: it was and is those evil men in the Old World. Moreover, his program for improving the situation implies an almost total dependence on spreading abroad vague but highly righteous American ideas of "freedom" and "justice."

Hoover compounds the depressing quality of his book by frequent *obiter dicta* drawn straight out of hoary American prejudices. For example, to have a skilled diplomatic staff to match those of Europe "we would need to be something other than a free people as we conceive it." Or the "American people had been implacably anti-imperial, anti-colonial, and generally anti-the-subjugation-of-one-people-by-another from the day of our Declaration of Independence." Or his constant identification of "morality" with what the American Government happens to be doing abroad. If such is to be serious American commentary on foreign affairs, Khrushchev certainly has little need to worry.

On the other hand, Hoover is no doubt right in associating Wilson and an important strain of American opinion with his own kind of thinking. But there was also another side to Wilson, a far more flexible and realistic side, and a large proportion of the American people seem to have been learning much from it.



—*From the book.*

Herbert Hoover (left, standing) as Food Administrator attended President Wilson's (center, seated) Wednesday wartime meetings with other chief aides.

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—Culver.

U. S. Expeditionary Force in North Russia. Center foreground, Major E. Ironsides. Third from left, U. S. Consul DeWitt G. Poole, Jr.

Birth of an Impasse

"The Decision to Intervene," by George F. Kennan *(Princeton University Press. 513 pp. $7.50), is the second volume of our former Ambassador to Russia's chronicle of "Soviet-American Relations, 1917-1920." "Russia Leaves the War," the first volume of the projected trilogy, won Pulitzer and Bancroft prizes, as well as a National Book Award for Nonfiction. Reviewer Harold H. Fisher is the author, with X. J. Eudin, of "Russia and the West, 1920-1927."*

By Harold H. Fisher

THE verdict of history, if there is such a thing, would surely be that the decision in 1918 to send American troops into Russia was unwise. Mr. Kennan speaks of the events leading to this decision as "this failure in American statesmanship," but he does not attribute this failure, as some others have done, to the refusal of the Allies, through greed or shortsightedness, to accept a wholly satisfactory alternative. There was no real possibility of Soviet-American cooperation but there was a possibility of continued communication. This possibility was eliminated by a policy that failed to accomplish the ends it was intended to serve. Within four months the reasons given for the intervention had, in Mr. Kennan's words, "lost what little validity they might previously have had."

If, on the other hand, the President had held out against the pressure until the defeat of Germany, the exchanges that had begun between the young and able U.S. Consul, DeWitt Poole, and G. V. Chicherin, the eccentric Commissar for Foreign Affairs, might have evolved into an orderly interchange between the two governments, carried on by responsible diplomatic agents. The two governments might—and this is a big "might," as Mr. Kennan has better reason to know than most of us—have changed the course of Soviet-American relations by bringing both governments to a more realistic understanding of each other.

This is an interesting conjecture, and it has an important bearing on present and future problems. Should it be the policy of the United States to maintain wherever possible even the slenderest thread of communication with a revolutionary government even in the face of great provocation? There are, of course, no precise historical parallels, and circumstances alter cases, but we may learn something from experience. One of the lessons of the experience which Mr. Kennan describes with such great skill is that policy decisions should not be based on such distortions of vision as resulted from our surrender to "the hysteria of militancy" in World War I or upon the "pervasive dilletantism" that characterized our relations with Soviet Russia. Mr. Kennan's study of these relations in 1918 will not, I take it, cause him to change his well-known views on the dangers of amateurism, emotionalism, and legalism in the conduct of American foreign relations.

Among the reasons that were advanced for intervention in 1918 were these: 1) to guard military stores in North Russia and the Russian Far East against the Germans; 2) to relieve pressure on the Western Front; 3) to give such aid to the Russians as they were willing to accept, and this included what we should now call economic and technical assistance; 4) to give aid to the Czechoslovaks not against the Bolsheviks, with whom they were actually at war, but against the German war prisoners, who were not really a threat, and 5) to steady Russian efforts at self-government. This might have meant either aid for the Bolsheviks against the Germans or aid against the Bolsheviks as German agents. Mr. Kennan notes that the documents containing the President's reasons for his decision did not mention the Soviet government or Bolshevik power or any possible opposition to the landing of American troops on Russian soil. There appears to have been relatively little concern at this time about what later was known as the Communist menace.

The decision of July 6, as Mr. Kennan shows, was based on misinformation, some of which was deliberate, and on confusion, much of which was inevitable, about the situation. As the decision was being formulated, the fourth and last of the great German drives in the West was being turned back in an Allied offensive, and in Moscow and Yaroslavl and Siberia the revolts of the Left Socialist Revolutionaries and the Czechs were bringing on "Bolshevism's darkest hour."

LENIN made an unusually violent speech accusing the British and the French of responsibility for the Czech uprising and declaring that the Soviet power was at war not only with domestic foes but with Anglo-French imperialism. The Soviet state, which he had described earlier as "an oasis amid the raging sea of imperialist rapaciousness," was, to twist Lenin's tortured metaphor a little further, in danger of being gobbled up. Later compliant Stalinist historians revised Lenin and put most of the blame on the United States.

In August came the S.R. attempt against the lives of Lenin and other Bolshevik leaders and then the bloody retaliation of the Red Terror, against which Consul Poole and Allen Ward as well of the American Red Cross made courageous but futile protests. Soon

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word reached Moscow that American troops had taken part in the landings in Murmansk and Vladivostok, and Poole and Wardwell were ordered home.

This book deals with only one year but it is an important year in the history of American foreign relations. As in the first volume Mr. Kennan has been indefatigable in searching out the sources of information, and he has been thoughtful and objective in his use of them. He has again shown an exceptional talent for weaving complex events into an absorbing narrative, for drawing evocative sketches of the Russian scene and the actors in this turbulent drama.

Postponement of Disaster

"Choice for Survival," by Louis J. Halle *(Harper. 147 pp. $2.75), is concerned with the complex and controversial problems of thermonuclear weapons and with the diverse methods of dealing with this global dilemma. Our reviewer, Frank Altschul, is vice president and secretary of the Council on Foreign Relations.*

By Frank Altschul

IN "Choice for Survival," Mr. Louis Halle has written a thoughtful and penetrating tract for the times. He is concerned—as who is not—with the threat to civilization implicit in the ever-growing stock of thermonuclear weapons. And exploring with devastating logic the various alternatives of policy suggested as means of diminishing or removing this threat, he finally comes to the conclusion that "What we need is time, the postponement of disaster, and this is about all that our generation can expect to gain."

At first glance, Mr. Halle might seem to be taking refuge in a counsel of despair; but this is by no means the case. It will take time, in his view, for the great powers to accommodate themselves to the realities of the atomic age and to develop national and international policies calculated adequately to cope with the problems it presents. He recognizes the ever-present danger of accident or miscalculation, but as the instinct for survival is not an exclusively American attribute, he is hopeful that our world will pass successfully through the trying, yet prolonged period of adjustment which he foresees.

In an early chapter, the author argues persuasively that those who seek an agreed-upon abolition of war as an instrument of policy are following a will-o'-the wisp. He is equally emphatic in his distrust of "the extreme militarists," who consider that "we are wasting our substance if we prepare to fight anything except a total war." And he concludes this part of his exposition with the telling phrase: "By insisting on the total abolition of war rather than on the abolition of total war we may actually increase the likelihood of total war."

All this is essentially a prelude to an examination of the concept of limited war. Here, Mr. Halle establishes a close connection between the character of weapons used and the objectives sought: "War cannot be truly limited in its operations . . . except as it is limited in the issues at stake, in the war aims of the respective sides." The Wilsonian purpose "Peace Without Victory" might permit both adversaries to restrict themselves severely in the choice of weapons. "Unconditional Surrender," on the other hand, inevitably invites the unleashing of maximum devastation.

It would be futile, according to Mr. Halle, to attempt to negotiate the elimination of thermonuclear weapons from the arsenals of those powers which now possess them. We might as well accept the fact that the megaton bomb is here to stay. But this, in Mr. Halle's view, is not an unmixed evil. For the time being "the defense of the free world, the world not conquered by the Communist powers, depends on the defense of Western Europe. The defense of Western Europe, in turn, depends on the deterrent threat of nuclear weapons in their most destructive form."

At best, however, our present threat, "effective as a deterrent to aggression only to the extent that the potential aggressor believes we will carry it out," is "as a deterrent and a defense of the free world, a wasting asset. But still we cannot give it up because then we would be completely helpless. If it tends to be neutralized by the new Soviet capacity, it also is, in its turn, indispensable to the neutralization of that capacity."

This would seem to be approximately the situation in which we now find ourselves—a situation which involves a danger to which in our military budget we seem to have as yet made a quite inadequate response. For, according to Mr. Halle, "in the absence of some internal disruption (on which we cannot plan), the Soviet Union will be able to commit a series of successive aggressions, each of which is, in itself, so limited or ambiguous that we will not feel ourselves justified in retaliating with the nuclear holocaust in which all would be consumed." In this manner an encroaching despotism might, by gradual steps, bring about a transformation in world power relationships fatal to our cause and to that of our Western allies.

To be prepared to meet such limited or ambiguous aggressions will require us to place without delay far greater emphasis on strengthening our ability to wage limited war. This is a view that has more than once been voiced by high-ranking military leaders. We do not at present have the air-lift capacity to transport more than one division to points where troops might be needed. Beyond this, we have so far not procured the most modern equipment designed for divisions to be flown abroad. And contrary to the arguments so often heard for the cessation of the testing of nuclear weapons, these tests, in the opinion of Mr. Halle, must continue in order that we may develop not ever-larger, but ever-smaller atomic weapons, with which it is imperative that our airborne divisions should be equipped.

Possibly this would have taken Mr. Halle too far afield, but he offers no suggestion as to how, during in intermediate period, we are to deal with the unsolved problem of meeting covert aggression. He is silent on such perplexing questions as to what will happen to German reunification, what will be the fate of the peoples of Eastern Europe now under the heel of Moscow while we play for time. But "what we need is time." This is the recurrent theme in the last chapter of Mr. Halle's book. "Given time," he asserts, "we shall find that interna-

Louis Halle—"What we need is time."

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tional power relations depend only secondarily on military potential. They depend primarily on the inner health of the national societies, their integrity, their ability to cope with their own problems, their cultural strength and attractiveness, the promise of their ideals and achievement."

With these words, he echoes a view to which George Kennan gave such vivid expression in his much-discussed Reith lectures. Implicit is a warning and a challenge. It might fairly be argued that only if we heed the full import of this warning, only if at whatever sacrifice we meet this challenge, shall we demonstrate for all the world to see that we deserve to survive. And it may well be that in such a demonstration lies the true "Choice for Survival."

Prognosis Positive

"India and America," by Phillips Talbot and S. L. Poplai *(Harper. 200 pp. $3.75), is a study, based on both historical and current evidence, of political, economic, and social relations between the two countries. Amiya Chakravarty, professor of comparative Oriental religions and literature at Boston University, is our reviewer.*

By Amiya Chakravarty

NO particular reason can be offered as to why any two nations, say USA and India, should agree on every point, or be expected to justify each deviation. What is essential surely is that concurrence between nations, wherever it exists, should be rooted in historical and cultural realities. In transnational affairs, as well as within the national matrix, varied initiatives and trends in policy-making, trade, or in social organizations would enhance the larger democratic process. Specially needed today is a basic commitment, on the part of free and cooperative nations, to the emerging context of world relationships.

Curiously enough, both India and America seem to exhibit mutual awareness to a degree where basic values are nervously meant to yield an identical pattern of application, or at least a confessed and widely advertised potential field of operation. But why? Does this undue sensitiveness imply a deeper accord than we know between two multicultural and chromatic civilizations which have faced similar problems, and which, therefore, bring frustrations to peoples of both countries who expect quick conformity in results? Or is this modern impatience due to an imperfect recognition of different geopolitical factors, of intangible hemispheric influences which belong to persistent and meaningful divergences in humanity? The corrective may well lie in a close, detailed exposure to national facts, points of contact, and to many urgencies of the present international situation. In the case of India and America, as this exceedingly relevant and well-documented book shows, a great deal of uncertainty and hesitancy stems from their comparatively new acquaintance as nations.

A brilliant group of historians, political and social analysts, and field workers representing the two countries met, many of them on both shores, under the auspices of the Council on Foreign Relations, and the Indian Council on World Affairs. Having discussed Indo-American problems in test situations and in the accelerated light of world events, the group very properly assigned the task of presenting their societal, economic, and political findings to the co-authors who wrote their own book. The result is an integral document, sharply original in the discovery and use of historical and contemporary facts, and in the recognition of a whole perspective—the best offered so far—that would allow many Indians and Americans to reassess their position. Needless to say, the referral includes China, Kashmir, the arming of Pakistan, colonialism new and old, strategic and military alliances, the purposes and incalculables of modern USSR.

The critical need of economic cooperation, and the challenge of human rights run as a central theme and correlate, on moral terms, the imperatives that nations must accept. And these topics by no means exhaust the list: the racialist, self-destructive policy of South Africa, the ferment in neighboring but very different cultures of Asia, and a refreshingly objective view of Middle Eastern nations are there among other critical topics.

Readers may occasionally differ regarding the distribution of emphasis: this reviewer could claim graver urgency from the authors concerning a global anti-nuclear policy before the skies darken. That would bind the two nations together, and presumably others across the board, even regardless of ideologies. The strategic or logistical view, as the book amplifies, must be effectively met but also superseded if man's adventure on earth is to be saved from nuclear death. In this connection India's insistence on the mutative principle has, it must be said, been clearly explained in this book. Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru's oft-repeated faith in a rapidly evolving, post-ideological period (post-present ideologies, that is) in a changing world, and his insistence that we not only help the meliorative forces but prepare our minds for the larger freedoms could be further amplified. Moreover, India's policies in regard to military defense, or deterrents, can also baffle American supporters of India's principles, which are, of course, universal. The authors have not evaded such difficulties, but tried to interpret them. Every page discloses the resolute will to hold a fair balance.

Only such an encounter with "each other's facts," as seen from both sides, can bring greater mutual respect, and the use of imagination. This book dispels many rumorous prejudices, and clears the air for an adequate multi-level relationship between India and the United States.

—From "The Art of India" (Phaidon).

"FORTRESS OF FREEDOM": The three Godkin lectures delivered by Dr. James Bryant Conant at Harvard early this January provide the content for his book **"Germany and Freedom: A Personal Appraisal** (Harvard University Press, $3). The first chapter, "Free Germany Reviews Its Past," comes to the conclusion that "Nazism is dead and buried." The second, on politics and economics in the Federal Republic, outlines some of the differences between conditions since 1945 and conditions under the Weimar Republic. The partition of Germany has broken the former predominance of Prussia; the decentralized federal system makes any restoration of that predominance unlikely. The Enabling

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Law, under which Brüning's government by decree paved the way for Hitler, has also vanished, but Adenauer and his successors will have a power that Brüning and his predecessors lacked to act against any group or party which aims "to abolish the libertarian order or to jeopardize the existence of the Federal Republic." In so far as the Officer Corps survives, it is dedicated to the defense of a democratic Germany as a member of NATO. Labor and management have successfully cooperated, to date, on the "Free Market Policy," devised by Minster of Economics Erhard.

The final chapter on Germany and her neighbors stresses the gradual emergence of a European community and the heartening, recent improvement in Franco-German relations. Dr. Conant agrees with those who "advocate a patient approach to the question of reunification." He is undisturbed by those who foresee another Russo-German deal. "Barring a world-wide economic disaster, a collapse of the NATO alliance, or a global war, Germany will continue to be one of the strongest fortresses of freedom."

Although Dr. Conant's modesty and moderation add weight to his prudent optimism, his slender volume leaves two disturbing questions unanswered. Can a man of his cool temper judge a people whose genius—for good as well as bad—inclines so strongly to extremes? And even if events do bear him out, how much conviction will his sober style carry among his excitable fellow-Americans? Dr. Conant has read, pondered, and quoted from such critical students of the recent German past as Alan Bullock, John Wheeler-Bennett, and Telford Taylor. But he has paid less heed to such historians as A. J. P. Taylor or such journalists as Drew Middleton, William L. Shirer, and Brian Connell. Perhaps he has done here all that any man can do in three lectures. But having done so much, it is difficult not to regret that he did not include some answers to some questions that readers will surely raise. —QUINCY HOWE.

"Each being is like an unsurmised ideal that opens before us, and to see a delightful face going by that we do not know opens up a prospect of new lives we long to be living. They disappear at the turn of the street but we hope to see them again, we are left with the thought that there are a great many more lives to be lived than we supposed, and this enhances our self-esteem. A new face that has gone by is like the charm of an unvisited country which a book has disclosed. We can read its name and a train goes there. It doesn't matter if we don't set off. We know the country is there, we have a further reason for living. So I looked out of the window to make sure that the real, the potential life, whose proximity I never ceased to feel, held countless possibilities of different ways of being happy."

—From "On Art and Literature," by Marcel Proust (Meridian).

FICTION

Fitzgerald: Bard of the Jazz Age

The original edition of ***"Afternoon of an Author: A Selection of Uncollected Stories and Essays by F. Scott Fitzgerald"*** *was issued by Friends of the Princeton Library. This week Scribners has released an edition for the general public. Both volumes are identical, containing the same notes and introduction by Arthur Mizener, author of "The Far Side of Paradise," a biography of Fitzgerald. In the following essay-review Maxwell Geismar discusses the components of Fitzgerald's talent as reflected in this book. A literary critic, Mr. Geismar's most recent book is "American Moderns," a midcentury survey of contemporary fiction.*

By MAXWELL GEISMAR

THESE selections are minor pieces by Fitzgerald, left over from Malcolm Cowley's earlier collection of stories; or sketches and essays which were omitted from Edmund Wilson's still earlier Fitzgerald volume called "The Crack-Up." One would think all this was really enough to restore and enshrine the delicate sensibility of the Jazz Age bard. But the curious thing about the present book is that, even while it repeats a familiar lesson, it is still touching, entertaining, and depressing in the end.

The odd, the haunting thing about F. Scott Fitzgerald himself is how close he always was to being a "fringe writer." Or a marginal writer, perhaps, always treading the edge of the abyss, following a narrow ledge between achievement and disaster. And perhaps it was this artist's original confusion about fame (or popularity, or cash) and art which led him so swiftly to catastrophe. In any case Fitzgerald's work is split down the middle, between the "objective" novels like "The Great Gatsby," which lacked somewhere a solid center, and the "confessional novels" like "The Beautiful and Damned," which lacked a solid form.

This ambivalence was rooted in Fitzgerald's talent, dissipating its promise and energy in more than 150 short stories over a period of twenty years, most of them written for the commercial market under great pressure, to earn the money which Fitzgerald had already spent. I think it is the "Fitzgerald Story" rather than Fitzgerald's actual work, judged by serious literary standards, which haunts the American literary mind. And Mr. Mizener has arranged the present collection very skilfully so as to stress and to illuminate the various aspects of this tragic drama, which was heightened by Fitzgerald's own charm.

THE young writer also came, in his own mind, from a fringe area of Western culture. His middle-class Irish background, on the edge of wealth and society, tormented the early Fitzgerald. The stories and articles on Princeton and the glittering world of "college men," directly after the success of "This Side of Paradise," in 1920, show all the flaws of a very shallow sophistication. (Fitzgerald was really the J. D. Salinger of the Twenties, to reverse the chronology, and a natural *New Yorker* writer.) Mr. Mizener has also collected several of the Basil Lee tales, which deal with Fitzgerald's adolescence in St. Paul, Minnesota. Here is again that New Orleans Cleopatra who is named Erminie Gilbert Labouisse Bibble—Minnie, for short, and a prototype of the flapper.

But there were deeper strains in this writer's temperament of Oedipean and incestuous fantasies—a doting, "Europeanized" mother, an absent or "dead" father—and a strain which

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led directly to the emotional power and inchoate form of perhaps Fitzgerald's best book, "Tender Is the Night." Meanwhile, in the present collection, there is the brilliant and despairing essay on "How to Live on $36,000 a Year." Ring Lardner might have written part of this piece for his friend Scott. Both writers were in the same boat: famous, wealthy, living high—also broke, desperate, taking to drink, and increasingly fragmentized as serious artists.

THE titles of the later stories and sketches begin to reflect Fitzgerald's feelings: "How to Live on Practically Nothing a Year," "How to Waste Material," "One Hundred False Starts." Then there is that appalling story, or a direct bit of autobiography, from which the title of the present collection is taken. In "Afternoon of an Author" the hero is sick and exhausted, and time has stopped for him. "His clock was long unwound." He is stale and fed up; his wife is separated from him and on the edge of insanity. A trip to the barber shop is the limit of his physical endurance, and he takes with him a tube of shampoo ointment and a small phial of luminol.

"The perfect neurotic," he says, regarding himself in the mirror. "By-product of an idea, slag of a dream." But it was the wrong dream which was really so fatal to F. Scott Fitzgerald—the dream of commercial success which had to be combined with the ideal of artistic integrity. And at the end of this tragic career, as at the start, the Fitzgerald protagonist is still regarding himself in the mirror of beauty, youth, and fame. The conflict in Fitzgerald's work, as Mr. Mizener suggests, was indeed that between illusion and reality. But the illusion was so overpowering and so false, and the heart-breaking reality was never quite understood by the artist.

—E. Hazebroucq.

F. Scott Fitzgerald—"His clock was long unwound."

Forbidden Summit

***"The Gods Are Angry," by Wilfrid Noyce** (World. 214 pp. $3.75), in telling the true-to-life fictional story of a Himalayan climb and its climbers, seeks also to answer the question of why men challenge the gods of the mountains. Our reviewer is A. C. Spectorsky, editor of "The Book of the Mountains" and other anthologies.*

By A. C. Spectorsky

AUTHENTICITY and authority mark this exciting novel of a mountaineering team's assault on a Himalayan peak. This is noteworthy but not remarkable in the light of the author's experience as both writer and climber. The Indian-born and British-educated Noyce is a master at the school at Charterhouse. He was a member of the 1953 Everest Expedition and wrote about it in his book, "South Col." He is also a poet—a fact which will be apparent to anyone reading "The Gods Are Angry," a volume replete with a rare poetic rendering of the Himalayan scene and of that inner scene of hope, turmoil, despair, and driving determination which unfolds in the minds of the high-altitude climbers.

The story itself is gratifyingly simple—in the sense that the focus of the book is a perilous climb and one is grateful for the briefness of novelistic trappings, which serve to sketch the backgrounds of the climbers, but don't interfere with the narrative proper. Six men are set on the inhuman task of climbing Changma, an incredible peak of 26,410 feet. Each leaves behind a part of himself: a wife, a sweetheart to whom marriage must be postponed, a comfortable medical practice, a child, and—for one of them—the dubious sanctuary of the inaction in which he has lived since he quit mountaineering as the result of the death of a fellow climber, for which he may have been responsible.

Hindu legend has it that Changma is "Joy to behold, death to approach." Dreamily, one of the men talks of having seen it, "towering in the north like a pillar of soft fire from a smoky forge."

This is the fortress the men will assail, under the leadership of Jim Catteridge, whom readers will probably identify with the author, as this reviewer did. Jim knows the failings and the strengths of his team. Each man has been selected for what Jim believes will emerge in the crucible of ice, when the slag is burned off by thin air and dizzy heights, by hard-

Wilfrid Noyce—"Member of 1953 Everest Expedition . . . and poet."

ship and close living under perilous and primitive conditions, by heartbreak and hope and ambition to be in the team that makes the dash to the top.

"There are in all men's lives," says Noyce, "moments of heightened tension, moments when something great is afoot and the nerves arch expectantly to meet it; moments upon which they do not always look back with pleasure, for such excitement is not in itself pleasurable, but at which they feel a secret satisfaction, as if they were then living more fully than before." These moments become more frequent, lengthen into hours and then into days and blend together, as the Changma expedition copes with bureaucratic red tape, with civilization's emotional ties, with the incredible problems of supply and equipment and then—finally—along with their Sherpas, with Changma itself, as the climb proper begins. It is then that the tension mounts—in the men and in the reader, vicariously, as he gets into the meat of the book.

But when men are in this exalted state, says Noyce, "queer things may happen . . . the personality sloughs something, it may be of morality as well as of habit . . ." And so it happens to these men—as the climb takes on the nightmare aspects of omnipresent danger and savage suffering, these seasoned climbers, knowing what to guard against within themselves as well as on the mountain, are yet beset with hatreds, visions, mad dreams, sudden violences, and—just as sudden and more threatening—lethargy. Then on the brink of achievement, news comes that international complications have forced cancellation of permission to seek the forbidden summit. Jim is torn between his duty to call off the final assault and his hope that it's too late to do so. It would be unfair to

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reveal the outcome, but it is high drama and yet completely valid.

There are, to be sure, flaws here, both intrinsic and extrinsic. Within the book's frame, Changma so dominates the scene that it may have for the reader more "reality" than the human atoms who toil its slopes. The poignancy of the lives of the loved ones left behind is dulled and dimmed by the author's greater gift in describing action than mundane life. Even among the climbers, one may lose track from time to time of which is which—so much are they dominated by their task and "their" mountain. To these one must add a fairly frequent British failing, of overstating the vaunted virtues of understatement.

Extrinsically, the book can't help suffering—unfairly—from the fact that, since James Ramsey Ullman's fictional "The White Tower," there have been some half dozen nonfiction books for the layman on mountain climbing which have been very well written indeed, particularly on Himalayan climbs. In "The Gods Are Angry," the mystery and romance of place names and mountaineering terms are diluted by familiarity with accounts of actual climbs, and the reader may wonder why he should concern himself with fiction when (in this instance) it does so little more than fact, in first presenting the human drama behind the scene of action and then the action itself.

But this criticism may be unjust, and may reflect more on the reviewer's abnormal acquaintance with mountaineering books than on the excellence of this one. For it is stunning adventure—in its subject and in the reading.

In the Service of the Soil

"The Wheel of Earth," by Helga Sandburg *(McDowell, Obolensky. 396 pp. $4.95), is a story of Kentucky hill people, written in the tradition of the classic American folk novel.*

By David Dempsey

FOLKWAYS and folklore—there is a difference. In fiction the difference may be critical, for folklore—the use of cultural detail for its own sake—can so fatally burden a novel that it becomes the letter that killeth, the merely quaint that crushes life. But a folkway is an assimilation of a culture into the lives of people, and it is this quality that gives the Gaddy family, in Helga Sandburg's first novel, a sense of belonging irrevocably to a time and a place—Kentucky between 1925 and 1936. It is the thing, too, that makes "The Wheel of Earth" a book to love and believe in. We have to go back to Elizabeth Madox Roberts's "The Time of Man" to find a novel that so poignantly captures the yearnings, the sadness, and inarticulateness of the American folk sense.

"The Wheel of Earth" succeeds not because of what Miss Sandburg tells us about the Gaddy family, but because of what they strive to tell each other and themselves. It is rooted in the seasons, the lives of animals, the death of human beings, the weather, the domestic lore of family life, the constants of love and sorrow.

Its plot is classically spare. Ellen Gaddy, a sixteen-year-old Kentucky hill girl, is got with child by an itinerant farm worker. She leaves home, has the child, comes back, raises it, eventually meets her lover again and marries him. On this axis the wheel turns. There is old Anton Gaddy, the stern, sadistic father; Garand, the successful, city-corrupted uncle; Ellen's flight from home and return; her years as a "hired girl," and her love for Dan Wasilewski, cut short by his accidental death; and always the servitude to the earth with which these people make their peace.

The author's style is blended from the lights and shadows, the colors and nuances of a language that is made luminous by a poet's sense of rhythm and feeling. There is no trickery here. It is a book at one with itself, speaking to us out of a deep and instinctive reverence for life.

It is not faultless. I could wish, for example, that there were fewer birthings and gruntings in the barnyard. Miss Sandburg's city scenes lack the credibility of her farm sketches, for she is clearly no more at home in this sophisticated world than her characters. Her transitions tend to be abrupt and jumpy. But these are minor. What comes across is her ability to give us, without sentimentality, a way of life that has all but vanished.

Helga Sandburg, whose first novel, "The Wheel of Earth," tells of Midwestern farm folk, is herself country-bred. Her childhood in Harbert, along Michigan's isolated shore, was bucolic. With her two elder sisters, Miss Sandburg attended a rural school, climbed trees, and maintained a menagerie of barnyard pets. She also wrote poetry. But she was luckier than most aspiring writers in having as her father Pulitzer Prize-winning historian and poet, Carl Sandburg. He read his daughter's poetry, but, she recently recalled, "he usually advised me to put it in a drawer and let it sit around for a while." After a year at Michigan State, Miss Sandburg returned home to work as her father's secretary, typing most of his books from his own shorthand manuscripts.

As a first novelist, Miss Sandburg is anxious not to be known as her father's daughter. "After all," she said, "the abilities of a poet and biographer are quite distinct from those of a novelist, and I doubt that the ability to write is inherited. Determination probably is, and this I'm inclined to think came down to me from my maternal grandmother, who was a tornado of a woman." If Miss Sandburg didn't learn to write under paternal guidance, she did come to love folk music with her father's tutelage. To the tune of the famed Sandburg guitar, she sang ballads, fragments of which appear throughout her novel.

In 1946, when the Harbert haven became too citified, the Sandburgs bought a dairy farm in North Carolina. For the next few years, Miss Sandburg tended to cows, chickens, goats, but not to her writing. After their marriage, she and her husband, Arthur Golby, an English professor at American University, moved to Falls Church, Virginia. From there Miss Sandburg commuted into Washington, where she worked as a secretary at the Library of Congress.

Two years ago she began to write in earnest, completing 200,000 words of her first novel at a rapid pace. She has scarcely stopped. Her short story "Witch Chicken" recently won the 1958 *Virginia Quarterly Review* award. A second novel is almost finished and a third is well in mind. The mother of two children, Miss Sandburg now restricts her animal care to a Doberman Pinscher and a pair of Siamese cats. She reports, quite happily, that she has come a long way from the farm. —ROLLENE WATERMAN.

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True Law

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This week's guest-editorial is contributed by Robert N. Wilkin, United States District Judge (Ret.), Northern District of Ohio.*

OUR most eminent legal historian and philosopher, Roscoe Pound, in a book just recently published, has correctly criticized the all-too-common impression that the "rights of man" were created by famous documents of legal history like Magna Carta, the Bill of Rights, the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution. Milestones these great charters certainly are, but they did not, and could not, *create* rights. They are, on the contrary, only formal acknowledgments of rights that have always existed by virtue of a Higher Law—what we may term "true" law.

True law exists without legislation. Men did not create it; they were created subject to it. It is law, as was said twenty centuries ago, "which we were not taught, but to which we were made, which we were not trained in but which is ingrained in us." This idea of universal, "true" law was advanced by early Greek philosophers. They accepted human nature as a part of universal nature. It followed that the law and justice on which social life and trade depend exist by nature, not by convention or promulgation. The Romans called it *vera lex*, true law, or *ius naturae*, natural law. And their rule over many different countries, and their administration of justice for foreigners in Rome, led to the discovery of law common to different peoples, which they called *ius gentium*. Some jurists and publicists refer to it as "common right and reason" or "equity and good conscience."

True law is necessarily stated in broad and general terms. To apply it to the varying circumstances of life, it must be supplemented and restated more specifically. Its practical application is established first by custom, then by decision (judgment in special cases), and subsequently by promulgation or legislation. This is shown most clearly in the history of the Common Law of the Sea (Maritime Law or Admiralty).

Sea law began with the Phoenicians and followed the expansion of commerce to the north and west. It was, at first, the common custom of mariners and sea-merchants. It was not formulated by any sovereign or legislative assembly. In time it was codified. Successive shipping centers prepared written statements of the law. The earliest of which there is any record is the code of Rhodes. Its independent existence and supremacy as a system of law is shown by an incident recorded in the Roman Digest: a case arising from shipwreck was brought before the Emperor Antoninus for decision, but he declined jurisdiction, saying, "I am indeed the supreme lord of the land. But Custom is the lord of the sea. Let this case be decided by the sea law of the Rhodians, which our law accepts."

As trade and sea traffic moved west, subsequent codes appeared at Amalfi, Barcelona, Oleron, Lubeck, and other great mercantile seaports. They all represented the unity and continuity of the common-law of the sea, and were obeyed by all who lived by the sea, regardless of race, language, or religion. Special maritime courts were established by the guilds of the sea-trades; sea-controversies, disputes, and lawsuits were decided by them. The Norwegians and Latvians supported the maritime law. In 1367 delegates of seventy-seven cities met in Cologne and formally organized the Hanseatic League for the administration of the Sea Laws. From time to time its Assembly made additions and amendments to the law, and by 1614 produced by legislative enactment a complete topical code. Without the aid of any prince or territorial power, law of the sea, as a separate legal system, was made to control commerce from Russia to the East Indies. Custom of the sea has been developed into a worldwide system of law in response to human needs without a world state, because it was founded on a generally recognized and accepted body of principles known as True Law. Today, each nation must say, as did Antoninus, that it is ruler of the land but that Custom is the law of the sea, or be ostracized from the community and commerce of nations.

NOW that navigation has been extended into the air, as well as the seas, and modern science has thus projected rockets, missiles, and capsule vessels into outer space, the principles of sea law must be extended and expanded into space above the seas if there is to be any civil order or security in the world. If the rivalry for supremacy in destructive power is allowed to continue uncontrolled, it will bring destruction; and the final battle will not be between armies on a distant battlefield. All humanity will be on the firing line.

If that catastrophe is to be averted, if war between nations is to be avoided, then some other method of settling ultimate disputes must be provided. The only way ever devised for the determination of such ultimate differences other than by force and violence is by judgment according to law. Indeed, politicians, editors, columnists, and people generally perceive with dread the impending catastrophe, admit the absolute need of lawful order if it is to be avoided, but many of them decline to support the movement for world law because they believe "the world is not ready for it." They wait for the millennium. Because they fear that the people cannot agree upon a system of law for international affairs, they disregard the law that exists. They want a forum for exchange of ideas, a consensus regarding all details, economic security, a written code. They put the cart before the horse, and there

(*Continued on page* 33)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"There stand the walls of Sparta and, with one exception, every man is a brick."

VILLON VS. LORENZO

IF WE TAKE Webster's definition of a hero ("Name Your Heroes," *SR* Feb. 22) as "A person of distinguished valor or fortitude . . . of exceptional service to mankind . . . hence, a person regarded as a model," I myself would confine the list to people of exceptional achievement both in their works and in their private lives. How, in the name of all the Saints, did a criminal psychopath like Villon get on your list? Granted that he is one of the great lyric poets of all time, his art is inimitable and his personal life is hardly edifying. And where are the patrons, those who made so much of Western Culture possible: Maecenus, Lorenzo il Magnifico, Alfonso el Sabio, Aeneas Silvius, Leo X, Louis XIV?

C. D. MCINTYRE.

Chapel Hill, N. C.

GIMME NEWTON

LET US HAVE more talk of heroes. I am weary of a surfeit of do-gooders and do-goodees, of prattle of psychoanalysis and child-centered curricula, of interdisciplinary brainstorming. One hundred thousand engineers and scientists will not secure our freedom. One Newton might do it.

LOU B. KURTZ.

Gainesville, Fla.

SHY POET

THANKS FOR including me in your forty heroes. Please put Homer or Virgil in my place, however, if your limit is forty.

DANTE ALIGHIERI.

Florence, Italy.

NO FAITH

IT'S AMAZING how little faith, in the long run, I have in my personal heroes. In one way or another they all have feet of clay. The real heroes? Mankind—thinking man, free man.

SANDER POSTAL.

Chicago, Ill.

SELFISH REMBRANDT

YOU CAN BE FORCED, by circumstances, into being a hero, when actually there might not be a heroic bone in your body. I think Sir Thomas More a hero, Rembrandt not at all, though I admire them equally. The latter could be called a thoroughly selfish man, no less a man for that; but Sir T. M. was (think I again) entirely unselfish.

J. C. SORTORE.

Coffeyville, Kansas

WANTS 400

BY NAMING St. Francis you broke your own condition of keeping out all religious leaders, for it is as such that he is famous. A good many other choices seem whimsical, in view of the persons omitted, but I suppose it is as good a list of forty as can be prepared. A list of 400 would be easier.

PRESTON SLOSSEN.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

SO FEW

IT SEEMS A sad commentary on present-day conditions that so few spokesmen and world leaders have arisen in these troubled times.

MRS. ROBERT MANDELBAUM.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

SLANTED SKETCHES

I WAS AMAZED at the way the short biographies were "slanted." Prejudice played a large part in the choice of the forty individuals and bias against conservatives and for "liberals" almost assures that your results will mirror the beliefs of the editors.

MADELEINE E. BAXTER.

Providence, R. I.

A GOOD FUTURE

I TRIED the questionnaire in both of my American Life classes (twelfth grade). In each of my classes it provoked serious, sensible, and stimulating discussions. And from where I sit I'd say the tally of their answers augurs well for the future.

CARL LANG.

Rochester, N. Y.

CLASSROOM USE

I HAVE TAUGHT for seven years an average of 150 students each year and I feel a definite lack of heroes in their lives. It is not that my young people are not confronted by the great men of the past or of our times. They are, but I feel they are not fully convinced, for they do not sense, in a way still unknown to me, what constitutes a hero. I am grateful to *SR* for giving me material that I may bring into the classroom.

MELVERY R. MOLYNEUX.

Niagara Falls, N. Y.

SILENT EDITORS

WHO WROTE THIS ARTICLE? Whose heroes are these? No fair analyzing us if we can't analyze you!

LEE AND DEAN VOEGTLEN.

Utica, N. Y.

PRIVATE HERO LIST

SR's MAGNIFICENT undertaking in this project, which fascinated me so completely that I stayed up far into the night, puts all of you on my private hero list.

HARRIET C. BURDSAL.

Bellaire, Tex.

TRUTH WITHOUT BEAUTY?

SR's LIST OF heroic characteristics on the questionnaire seems screwy and impossible of arrangement. Can you have integrity without honesty? Humility without selflessness? Or vice versa?

ARDELLA M. HAGEMAN.

Jordan, Mont.

LONG STORY

THERE CAN be no free will. Start with the origin of life over 4 billion years ago. Consider how the protozoon colony became a metazoon, man. Follow even Freud (right in some major things);

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there can be no free will. The problem is to condition people so actions are determined as powerfully by ethical ideals as by instinctual drives. Those who believe in "free will" are ridiculous in their failure to see that its rejection does *not* leave behavior open to blind instinct. It's a long story.

RICHARD ASHMAN.
New Orleans, La.

FOR MANKIND

A HERO MUST desire to do the right thing for the right reasons—and to do it, not for himself alone or any personal gratification (although perhaps this cannot be avoided to some extent), but for mankind.

VIRGINIA BURNS.
Purchase, N. Y.

COURAGE IN OPPOSING

MEN LIKE Nietzsche, Freud, and even Marx, positively *or* negatively, have been outstanding liberators, if only because they have made humanity conscious of some of the factors that govern human life. Their heroism consists in their courage in overcoming the institutional and other cultural obstacles to their views.

ROBERT AIKEN ATHEARN.
Hartford, Conn.

INFORMAL POLL

SOME QUESTIONS from an informal personal poll among personal acquaintances (middle-aged professional and businessmen in city of 100,000).

a. What's the idea? Are we supposed to have heroes at our age?

b. Would we be better off personally if we had a hero?

c. I believe in certain causes and admire the leaders of them; but none of the leaders is a hero to me.

d. I'm an individualist; why should I have a hero?

JOHN EDWARDS.
Millville, Va.

NO ONE!

I SUPPOSE Churchill has to be included although I suspect he has been more of a mischief-maker than a hero. Why not Thomas Carlyle rather than Dickens? No one in the world today has the understanding, imagination, and dedication for world leadership.

E. C. COLEMAN.
Carbondale, Ill.

WHY?

WHY JANE AUSTEN, for Pete's sake?

JANE GEORGIES.
Provo, Utah.

FDR's CONSEQUENCES

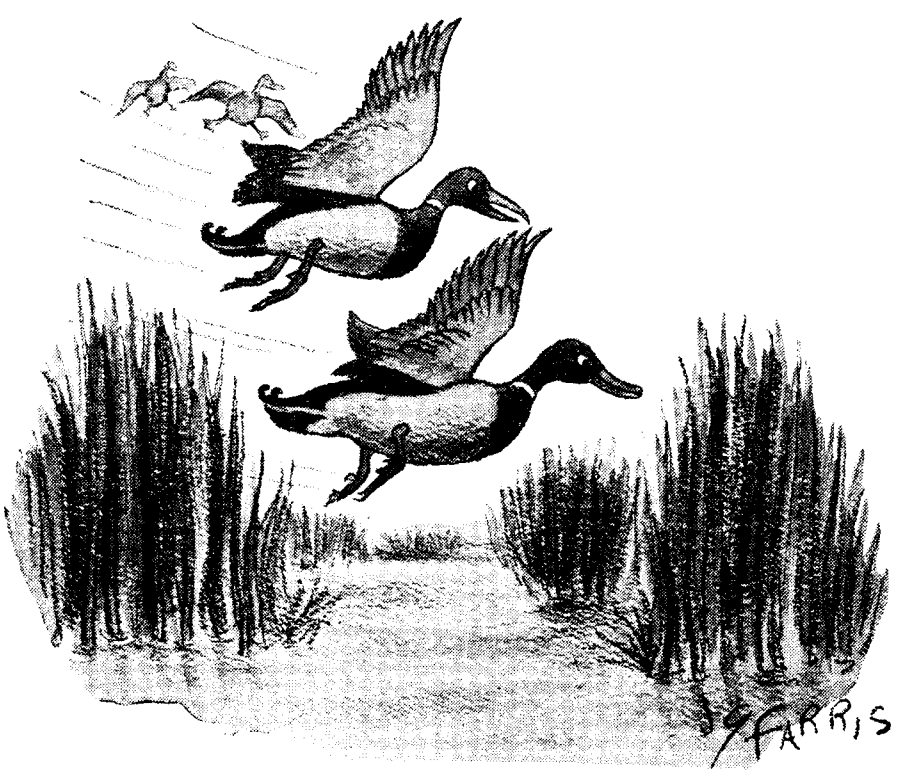
HOW COME you classify F. D. Roosevelt with such people as Kant, Seneca, and others who *contributed* to the human race. This egotistical bum belongs with Hitler, Stalin, *et al.* He is dead but the evil he did is still with us.

R. LA COLLA.
San Francisco, Calif.

I GIVE UP

IF WOODROW WILSON and Andrew Jackson were not greater Presidents than Ulysses Grant, contributing more to humanity than this glorified general, I'm ready to relinquish my American citizenship.

LESTER H. HAYES.
Kansas City, Mo.



"Whatever you do, stay away from Cape Canaveral!"

THE CHURCH

I CAN SEE no one who could organize the world today and save it. But there is an organization that could: the Christian Church.

MRS. L. R. SAMPSON, JR.
Broadus, Mont.

PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY

CREATION OF A masterpiece does not justify a really evil or shabby life, where success has been achieved at a great cost to others for whom one has a personal responsibility.

MRS. WILLIAM E. CAVANAGH, JR.
Short Hills, N. J.

COMPULSORY SOCRATES

I DRAW A sharp distinction between Socrates, who is a universal hero, and Shakespeare, who is a personal hero. Socrates in his own person influenced lives; Shakespeare through his literary creations has been more effective than through himself. Shakespeare is a hero I would choose for myself but not force on anyone else; Socrates I would expect others to accept.

ANNA G. EDMONDS.
Talas-Kayseri, Turkey.

SPEECH BASIS

RARELY HAVE I read anything which made me wish to be able to talk back to the writer with quite such urgency. I used the article as a basis for a speech I had to give, and I found myself floundering around it because the ideas were coming so thick and fast.

SHIRLEY GRANT DAHL.
Michigan City, Ind.

ALEXANDER'S VICINITY

I REMEMBER reading something by Sainte-Beuve a long time ago on the reign of Louis-Philippe, in which he makes the point that although the King was honest, and his government more or less competent, things were so dull and dreary that the situation eventually grew intolerable. Perhaps the chief justification of heroes is that they share with contemporaries some of their zest in life. Alexander the Great, for example, was just a soldier who got a lot of men killed in behalf of a program which hardly outlived him. But how marvelous it would be to live in the vicinity of a man like Alexander, to watch the sparks fly from his eyes, to hear him tell—in his own voice—of his fantastic projects and of the whole new world he meant to create.

OSCAR DAVISSON.
Tucson, Ariz.

NO PARTICULAR FUSS

THE ONE THING I liked best about *SR*'s list was that what I call "heroes of endurance" were not overlooked. That is, a man like Shakespeare, who made no particular fuss, but who got on with the job.

MICHAEL MARKUSH.
Winston-Salem, N. C.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

The Moiseyev Folk Dancers—More American Opera

THE bear who walks like a man can also bound like a kangaroo, glide like a rabbit, and dance like a gazelle if he is a member of the Moiseyev Dance Company from Moscow, which opened a historic first tour of the United States at the Metropolitan Opera House in mid-April. And his female counterpart is, as well as being more sightly, no less talented and responsive to discipline. A full evening in their company was adequate demonstration that the melancholy Slav has as many lighter moments as his Danish counterpart and a real gift for conveying them to an audience. If there was any propaganda, it was for the human body, a fairly international affair.

For those to whom the "Three Ivans" in either "Aurora's Wedding" or "Sleeping Beauty" is the apotheosis of "Russian dance," the performance of the Moiseyev troupe will be as spring water to a parched throat. For wherever and whenever things tend to become momentarily quiet, there is always some new variation on the deep knee-bend, the lofted high kick, the spring from the floor skyward, the swirling centrifugal motion, the kick-with-clapped-hands, the under-and-over hand-slap, and so on *ad infinitum*, but not unto exhaustion, for these Russians are a hardy lot. Those of the Moiseyev troupe have obviously been reared in the tradition that the knee is not a joint, but a way of life.

That tradition, if as old as the mighty land from which they derive, is fairly recent as adapted for theatrical purposes by Igor Moiseyev, a former member of the Bolshoi Ballet who conceived the notion of a trained group of expert performers in the folk dance of the many Russian nationalities after a nationwide Folk Dance Festival in Moscow twenty-two years ago. Pursuing a course of much trial and some error, he evolved a school of the dance, a trained corps, and a musical counterpart which roused the Metropolitan audience to many explosions of applause and made the more reflective among us wish we had something as good of our own to send abroad.

Not without deliberate intent, one is sure, the Moiseyev gamut was from an opening suite of old Russian dances by way of a Georgian "khorumi" and a Moldavian "zhok" to a Mongolian "figurine," which carried us to the Far Eastern expanse of the Soviet Union. Each showed a basic folk pattern refined and clarified by Moiseyev, or such an associate as A. Islamova, to a theatrical shape and a pattern of movement that was diverting both to the mind and the eye. Sometimes it seemed that the sophisticated hand had reached in and robbed the experience of a real contact with a folk source, as in the "Polyanka" ("The Meadow"), a festival dance which might have been—and probably has been—performed by the Rockettes at the Music Hall. One could admire the precision of the ensemble, but not much more in this presentation.

Such moments, if recurrent, were overbalanced by long stretches, not only of brilliant performance, but also of keen imaginative power. Such was the conception of the "Partisans" (which ended the first half of the program). Illustrative of the wartime guerillas who contributed so much to the German defeat, it began with a single figure in a widespread, vastly broad-shouldered deep black cape skittering about the stage as if propelled on some mechanism. The stealth and glide of the movement could hardly seem the product of man-made animation, but at an appropriate moment the figure halted and showed that he was, indeed, self-propelled. Lest it be supposed that this was the feat of a solitary virtuoso, he was joined by a dozen comrades, each executing the same glide in a hypnotically effective ensemble. In the capers and evolutions that followed (including a free-for-all sword dance), some of the participants showed the blonde looks and graceful motions of the contrary sex, identifying themselves as what might be called bi-partisans.

Despite the lack of scenery (all the dances were performed on a bare stage with gray drapes on which softening light was thrown from time to time), the dancers showed the power to suggest locale and transfer the audience in space by mere motion alone. An international example of this occurred in "Soccer," a readily recognizable caricature of a football game, with acrobatic goaltender, belligerent participants, over-enthusiastic fans, and officious umpire. It could hardly have been an accident that the umpire was made up to resemble no one so much as Adolf Hitler. As well as being an amusing interlude, it was first-class ballet composition, with every movement beautifully timed and nothing left to chance. As a kind of hilarious encore, the following item was a "Nanaian folk play" (the Nanaians inhabit the Arctic Circle), depicting a wrestling match of two interlocked diminutive figures swathed in parkas. The jerks and heaves, tugs and falls culminated in a surprise finish which identified Sergei Svetkov as one of the company's prime mimics.

To speak of the company's boundless energy is a contradiction in terms, for there was scarcely a moment when somebody was not whirling or leaping or preparing to do so. In these interludes, the comely female ensemble showed its discipline in round dances, or swaying figurations from side to side, or mischievious coquetry. Some of these tended to the repetitious, but contrast was as close as the next knee-bend. The audience which filled the theatre reacted in degrees ranging from approval to enthusiasm to abandon. If there was a dull moment, I missed it. Samson Galperin, who scored much of the invigorating music, drove the company to its high success from the conductor's podium. International amity reached a climax when, after many bows, the dancers broke into applause directed at the audience.

THE second week of the City Center's American season provided a second look at two works of widely varied character: Vittorio Giannini's treatment of "The Taming of the Shrew" and Kurt Weill's setting of Maxwell Anderson's adaptation of Alan Paton's "Cry the Beloved Country," which had a run of 251 performances on Broadway when it was new. As might be suspected, there were few new facets to the Weill work, but closer acquaintance with Giannini's score gave it higher rank than when it was done on TV several years ago.

For one thing, the text (by the composer and Dorothy Fee) has been skilfully adapted from the original and, as directed by Margaret Webster and vigorously performed by Walter Cassel, Phyllis Curtin, and John Alexander in the leading roles, could have made an entertaining show in itself (as it has, on occasion). For another, Giannini has a command approaching mastery of the classical techniques for blending voices and orchestra, with the result that the work rarely lags and there is always something going on (*á la* "Falstaff"). What is missing (as commented on previously) is a really distinguished melodic vein. Thus, there is always a glow of warmth beneath the surface,

(*Continued on page* 63)

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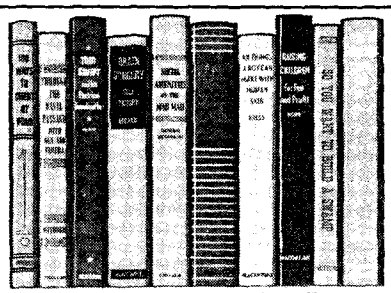

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Seductio ad absurdum

AMANDA VAIL's **"Love Me Little"** is a disgustingly "moral" book whose chief attraction is its unfulfilled promise of immorality. In adapting the book into a play, John G. Fuller has made this tale of a twitchy teen-ager even more moral and has promised considerably less immorality. The result is a series of not-very-amusing episodes involving some not-very-credible modern couples.

While it is difficult to see how "Love Me Little" could make much of a play in any case, Mr. Fuller sabotages his project right off the bat by changing the age of his heroine. The fifteen-year-old Emily in the book is an unripe girl who sets out to have a sexual experience simply to match the exploit of a classmate in her boarding school. Although this is also stated as the plot of the play, a now seventeen-year-old Emily seems biologically ready if socially too proper to go through with a sex-for-sex's sake adventure.

Since his basic story is none too strong, Mr. Fuller pumps his episodes full of labored epigrams and tenuous jokes, most of which just miss being funny enough. A fair example is the father's answer to his wife's cautioning him not to mention sex in front of the daughter. He replies, "If she is innocent she won't understand. If she understands I'll horsewhip her brother." Indeed, the most memorable line in the whole play is one that was probably tossed in between New Haven and New York. A lady has just exited in one of those inverted paper-bag dresses and someone remarks. "Let's hope she doesn't walk over a broken gas main. She'd go up like a balloon."

Under Alfred Drake's direction the cast performs indifferently. Susan Kohner's innate sweetness is endearing and wholesome but wrong for a girl conceived as mischievous and selfish. Donald Cook, who is funniest when he says nothing in the midst of a crisis, again finds himself having to rattle off one shallow quip after another. Meg Mundy appears at intervals as a silly seductress in the parallel plot devised to show us that middle-age people can behave as ridiculously as adolescents. And Joan Bennett is wasted as the anxious mother. The one performance that makes "Love Me Little" bearable here and there is that of Robert Dowdell as the Princeton boy who refuses to be seduced by Emily. He is drolly funny as he insists that Emily has "made his summer."

But one performance does not make a play. And in spite of Ralph Alswang's ingenious use of projected scenery in such a way that we are never conscious that it is projected, "Love Me Little" is inept and spurious entertainment.

TWO extraordinary personalities opened limited engagements on Broadway last week. The first, **Joyce Grenfell,** has put together a one-woman show consisting almost entirely of sketches not in the repertoire she presented here two seasons ago. Miss Grenfell again reveals herself to be perfect at capturing the essence of a character in a brief sequence. Performed one after the other and with a generally mild dramatic impact, the sketches tend perhaps to be less effective than if they were presented between contrasting numbers. Yet Miss Grenfell acknowledges the law of diminishing returns with such sunny good grace that we are disarmed.

THE second personality is a newcomer from San Francisco, Mort Sahl, who is appearing in an otherwise uninspired revue called **"The Next President."** Mr. Sahl, who is thirty years old and resembles Budd Schulberg, has taken a sizable step toward solving the problem of how to be a likeable radical in an era where such attitudes tend to be unpopular and impractical.

He does it by pretending to find defenses for the people and things he is attacking. When he mentions a common target like Mr. and Mrs. Luce, he surprises us by going to bat for them. He says "No, they're good. They'll talk to you. Kind of inspirational." In the same way, Mr. Sahl also attacks Eisenhower, Dulles, J. Edgar Hoover, J. Walter Thompson, Billy Graham, General Motors, the American Medical Association, and such political attitudes as the one that Yalta was a betrayal, or that Russian spies really own Washington, or that we must forgive and whitewash the Germans. While Mr. Sahl's targets are not really new ones, his method of benign sarcasm is a good and powerful weapon. But its continuing effectiveness will depend on our being convinced that his choice of targets is the result of his own personal, conscientious analysis of these political issues.

—HENRY HEWES.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Shirley, Who Needs Her?

"**Marjorie Morningstar**" (Warner Bros.) is another in that series of films concerned far more with character than with plot, with the growing up of a person rather than the last-minute solution of some prefabricated problem. As a result, one's enthusiasm for the picture is apt to be measured by his interest in Herman Wouk's dewy-eyed heroine, Miss Morningstar, and his willingness to embrace Mr. Wouk's special *Weltanschauung*. Marjorie (Natalie Wood), the teen-age daughter of a fairly prosperous Jewish family, is a girl of remarkably good looks, some theatrical ambitions, but little actual ability. At a summer camp she meets and falls in love with Noel Airman (Gene Kelly), the self-styled genius who stages the camp's shows. Airman sizes her up quickly, and correctly, as "a Shirley"—a respectable girl for whom love means a wedding ring and babies. He has not time for that sort of thing; he is working on a play, a career on Broadway. But then he changes his mind and becomes a Madison Avenue executive, and she changes hers when she finds him with another woman, and he changes his when his show flops—and so on for more than two hours. Marjorie does grow up, but it's a long process.

What makes the film a good deal more rewarding than this bare outline might suggest is the fact that its characters themselves are quite unusual for the screen. Heroines are invariably as beautiful as Natalie Wood, but rarely has a script intimated that she might be innocent of either talent or good sense. Miss Wood's two chances to perform—a scene out of "Romeo and Juliet" and a rock 'n' roll bit at the summer camp—would be embarrassingly gauche were they not so precisely in character. Similarly, Gene Kelly, although perhaps a bit over-age in grade, is virtually the prototype of innumerable semi-talented young men who swarm into the Catskills every summer for a few months' reign over their dowdy domains, but who lack either the drive or the ability to push on beyond the fringes of show business.

Jewish family life in a Central Park West setting is another novelty; the scenes involving the mother ring especially true—the more so because of Claire Trevor's shrewdly observed, perceptive performance. And Ed Wynn as Uncle Samson provides his own brand of delight, ranging from a wry little scene with Kelly in which he gives his man-of-the-world opinion on Kelly's preparations for seducing his niece to a burlesque bullfight in red-flannel underwear and *papier-maché* toreador cap.

But underneath all this is the disturbing thought that Mr. Wouk has taken his pseudo-genius in earnest, applauding his hysterical outburst when the backers of his show dare to suggest some changes, approving his decision to return to South Wind where his talents are recognized. And the even more disturbing possibility that he regards his "Shirley" as a genuine heroine.

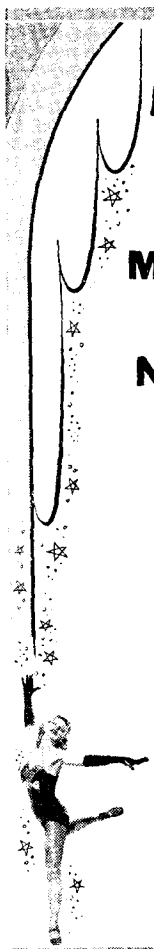
* * *

Paramount has just blown a superb opportunity to make *the* distinguished picture about Negro jazz in America. Purportedly based on the life of the late W. C. Handy, "**St. Louis Blues**" features an extraordinary cast—Nat "King" Cole (as Handy), Pearl Bailey, Eartha Kitt, Ella Fitzgerald, Mahalia Jackson, Ruby Dee, and such instrumentalists as Teddy Buckner, Barney Bigard, and "Red" Callender. But out of it has come a sort of Negro "Jazz Singer," with Handy forbidden to play by his fanatically religious father (Juano Hernandez), taken in hand by a scheming singer (Miss Kitt), cheated out of his song royalties by a slick nightclub operator (Cab Calloway), and going psychosomatically blind because he loves his father and his music too. The writing is unbelievably *cliché*, the acting incredibly stilted (who said that Negroes are "natural actors"?), and all semblance of reality is dissipated whenever Cole or Miss Kitt starts crooning in modern tempo such splendid Handy tunes as "Careless Love" or "Yellow Dog Blues."

* * *

Bob Hope assembled such talents as Fernandel, Anita Ekberg, Martha Hyer, and Preston Sturges to accompany him on his "**Paris Holiday**" (United Artists). One hopes that he, at least, enjoyed himself, for his picture, which he both wrote and produced, offers little to audiences in the way of enjoyment.

—Arthur Knight.



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Splendors and Miseries

"Arabesque and Honeycomb," by Sacheverell Sitwell *(Random House. 224 pp. $6), is a scholarly British poet's account of a recent journey to the East. Among many other works, our reviewer, Julian Huxley, is the author of "From an Antique Land."*

By Julian Huxley

MR. SITWELL is a rare phenomenon. He is a traveler with a purpose, but he relishes the picaresque incidents of his travels. He is a passionate lover of art and architecture, but he is also a scholar. And he is a creative artist, a poet, and writer driven to bear witness, as he phrases it himself, to "the splendors and miseries of the world and the glory of being alive."

This book is in the first place about Mr. Sitwell's impressions on his recent travels in the Lebanon, Syria, Iran, Jordan, Egypt, and Turkey. It is also a comparison of Islamic architecture and culture in general with the products of that other world civilization, the Roman, backed by memories of earlier travels and much reading. And finally it can be seen as part of Mr. Sitwell's autobiography, the latest record of his experiences in his journey through life.

Its major merit is that it illuminates what otherwise would remain mere guidebook *Sehenswürdigkeiten* with the light of acute sensibility, scholarly knowledge, and wide experience. For instance, he excites our interest by comparing the rose-red Treasury of Pharaoh at Petra to "Wren's churches in the Strand" (though I must confess that his further suggestion of Indian influence seems fantastic), and the extraordinary "pantomime-rococo" cut-glass decoration of the Golestan Palace in Tehran with the pagodas of Bangkok. I found my appreciation of the unique blue mosques of Persia much intensified by his brilliant comparative evaluation of different types of dome; and his constant reminder of the cultural unity and the extent of the late Roman Empire and of its contacts with the East gave new life to my memories of Baalbek and Palmyra. He made clear to me the architectural significance of those strange and splendid appanages of many mosques, the huge recessed exterior screens called *Iwans*, and revealed the full beauty of the elliptical Ionic forum at Jeresh; his vivid but analytic description made me long to see the Dome of the Rock at Jerusalem.

Everyone of any intelligence will relish Mr. Sitwell's descriptions: the mosaics in the Great Mosque at Damascus (giving us "a vision of classical building twelve centuries after the Parthenon"); the tricky hotel clerks, "the *jeunesse doré* of desk and counter," in Damascus; the hybrid Oriental-Roman nature of the great god Bel in Palmyra; the unpleasant characteristics of the Egyptian urban proletariat; Naqsh, with its impressive rock-carved tomb of Cyrus (but I wanted more on this) and the relief of the Emperor Valerian surrendering to the Sassanid King Sapor—"as though one saw a rock-carving by Donatello in this valley below Persepolis"; the various mosques of Cairo and Istanbul; the female beggars who live in dog kennels at Meshed; the evocation of past exotic splendors, like the elephants trained to trumpet in honor of Fath Ali Shah (who was credited with 300 children), and much else besides.

I have a few minor criticisms. Mr. Sitwell fails to mention that extraordinary object, the Serpent Column erected in Delphi to commemorate the Greek victory over the Persians in 479 B.C. and later transported to the Hippodrome in Constantinople; or that strange and impressive phenomenon, the Semitic obelisk temple at Byblos; or the expanse of roof over the Aleppo bazaar; and he hardly notices the many rather severe but handsome buildings of dressed stone to be seen in the streets of Aleppo, so different from the domestic architecture of Cairo or even Damascus.

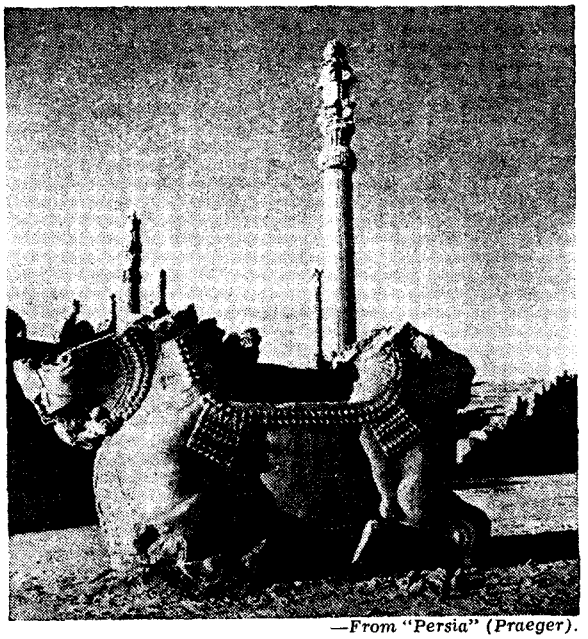
HE does not explain how Palmyra, in the middle of the desert, came to attain such importance and to keep its independence so long; or why the characteristic civilization which flourished in northwest Syria in the fourth to seventh centuries collapsed and left Kalat Seman and the hundred-odd other dead towns of the region.

All he can find to say about the Museum at Aleppo is that it contains "a hideous series of Hittite-looking statuettes from Ugarit": not a word about the gigantic statues of Hittite gods and goddesses, hideous too, but revelatory of the character of the little-known Hittite civilization; nor does he mention the bird-headed figurines from the strange proto-historic past (though elsewhere he makes it clear that "strict archeology" is outside his range of interest).

To me, the interior of Santa Sophia is one of the great architectural achievements of the world. But Mr. Sitwell writes that Santa Sophia is never "anything but disappointing, for you expect something which is more beautiful than St. Mark's, and find yourself in an Albert Hall—only it is fifteen hundred years old," and he compares it unfavorably with the Islamic mosques for which it served as prototype.

Some people may be put off by the author's erudition, or the discursiveness of his treatment, or the idiosyncrasies of his style.

However, the persevering and discerning reader will find in this book an illumination of an intensely interesting area of human culture, and will be rewarded by contact with a rare and fascinating personality.



—From "Persia" (Praeger).

Ruins of Persepolis—to which city during a 330 B.C. palace orgy, Alexander the Great set fire.

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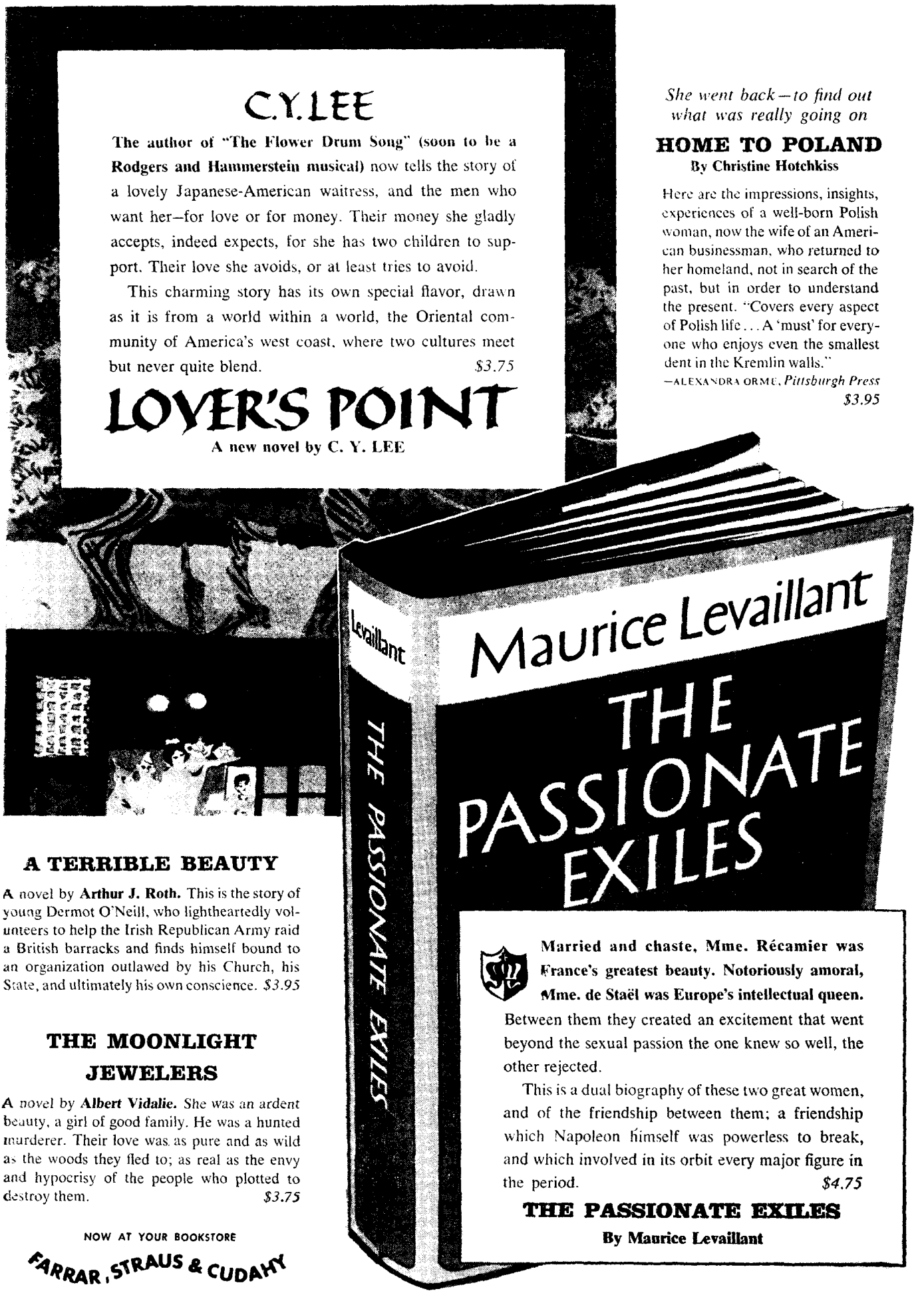
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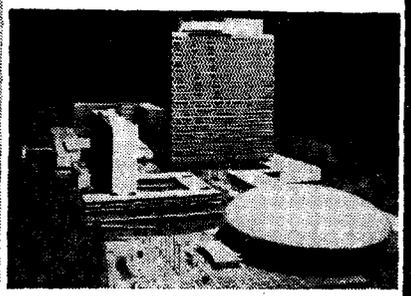

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FLOATING ISLANDS: In the marshlands of southern Iraq, just north of the confluence of the Tigris and Euphrates, there lies one of the few places left in the world marked "unsurveyed" on official maps, untraveled by any early explorer, and utterly remote from the adjacent highly complex civilization. Gavin Maxwell, the author of **"People of the Reeds"** (Harper, $4.50), has written an absorbing account of the Arabs, the Ma'dan, that inhabit the watery lagoons and floating islands of the great marshes. It is at once a first-rate travel book, an extremely well-written and often poetic personal account, and a study that would do credit to any anthropologist. The margins of the atlas, says Mr. Maxwell, are closing in. "The journeys I had dreamed in years before were blocked by the spreading stains of new political empires and impenetrable frontiers behind which the suburbanizing process progressed." When the opportunity arose to accompany Dr. Wilfred Thesiger, a noted British Arabist who went periodically to the marshes to cure the sick and operate on them, the adventure was born.

Inhabited in the early centuries of the Christian era, the marshlands of Iraq have been the refuge of bands of thieves, the stronghold of political rebellion, and the home of several nationalities. The half-dozen tribes who live there today are the descendants for the most part of the Zenj, the society of slaves imported from Zanzibar, who carried on the famous Revolt of the Slaves under Ali the Abominable in 869 A.D. The Ma'dan extract their livelihood from a wasteland of water and reeds, building their tall, dignified Quonset-like houses of reeds on the mudbanks of the waterways and on tiny floating islands. Their economy is based on the giant reeds, which grow twenty feet high, and on the water buffalo; and they travel about in splendid long canoes with prows shaped like a scimitar. Mr. Maxwell's account of the everyday life of the Ma'dan, their mores and values, is fascinating, but he is at his best when he describes the natural life within the marshes: great clouds of birds which darken the sky and water; the huge wild boar, which have scarred most of the adult males; the dreaded *arbid* water snake, whose poison kills in twenty minutes, and most of all, the sad, ponderous water buffalo. —JEANETTE WAKIN.

MIDEAST BILLETS-DOUX: **"Letters from Jerusalem"** (Abelard-Schuman, $3.50) is a collection of personal letters

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THE TENTH ANNIVERSARY, on April 25, of the founding of the state of Israel is commemorated with a handsome photographic volume, **"Israel"** (Orion, $7.50). In *Paris Match* cameraman Izis's poetic studies are seen the continuity between the ancient and modern world. Of these photographs, André Malraux writes in his preface: "The technique which appeared to exist solely to catch the fleeting instant becomes an art when it seizes the instant that mirrors centuries of history . . ." Such diverse writers as Chateaubriand, Philo, and the Old and New Testaments, provide the text. In the pictures below, and right, the sober young man is one of the 40,000 Jews descended from a community established twelve centuries ago in Yemen. The jollier group are today's workers in King Solomon's copper mines.

The canteen at King Solomon's mines.

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written by Mary Clawson, the wife of an American agricultural advisor who went with their two young sons to Israel in 1953. We are advised on the jacket that the letters describe "a non-Jewish woman's love affair with Israel," and that the introduction has been supplied by Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt.

Mrs. Clawson, though she knew little of Jews or Zionism or Israel before she went there, found herself immediately at home. Her account of how she became familiar with new customs and traditions and of the adjustment of her children, whom the reader will get to know very well, is a sincere one. The book, however, tends to become a rather elementary and jejune repetition of Israel's recent history, and because the letters were written in 1953-1954 about an area where the pace of events moves so rapidly, it seems very much out of date. Israel, which is one of the great stories of the century, will continue to inspire its observers, but Mrs. Clawson's naïve and completely uncritical enthusiasm is somewhat disturbing. It is doubtful that the thoughtful Israeli himself would fully appreciate or welcome such an unconstructive and starry-eyed approach to his country. —J. W.

A Yemenite—". . . one of the 40,000."

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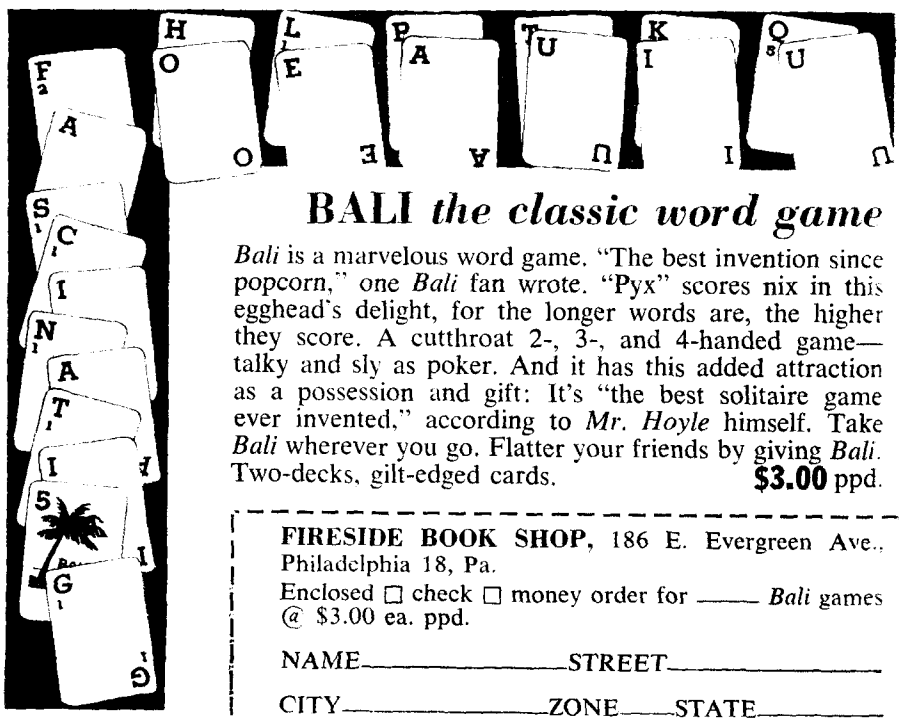

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BIOGRAPHY

Private Life of a Revolutionary

"Land Without Justice," by Milovan Djilas *(Harcourt, Brace. 365 pp. $5.75), is the first volume of an autobiography by Yugoslavia's former No. 2 Communist. Our reviewer, Henry C. Wolfe, is a writer and lecturer on Central European affairs.*

By Henry C. Wolfe

WHEN "The New Class," by Milovan Djilas, was published last year, it created something of a sensation. Not only was the author a prisoner of the men and the system he attacked in his chapters, but his book was recognized as a prime contribution to the ideological literature of our age. It quickly climbed into the best-seller list and has remained there month after month. Accordingly, Djilas's autobiography, completed before his incarceration, should command unusual attention.

In the earlier volume Yugoslavia's former No. 2 Communist marshaled an impersonal array of fact, opinion, and theory. The new book, by colorful contrast, teems with personal history, romance, and appalling violence. It re-creates with memorable vividness the private world of the peasant lad who was to achieve international fame as a Communist revolutionary. Not only does it show how the proud young patriot became a Communist, it also describes the melodramatic and picturesque life of one of Europe's least known countries—Montenegro. As Djilas says: "This land may not be good for living, but it is fine for telling tales." And for producing heroes.

After the tragic battle of Kosovo (1389), when the flower of Serbian manhood was destroyed by the conquering Turks, some of the survivors retreated into the inhospitable mountains that were to become the nation of Montenegro—"black mountain." From their craggy fastnesses the Montenegrins fought off the Turk for five centuries. The rest of the Balkans lay prostrate beneath the crescent, but in the "black mountains" the fierce warriors, whose ancestors had survived Kosovo, held out. Unhappily, they fought not only their hereditary enemy but also—and even more savagely — their fellow Montenegrins. "The inherited fear and hatred of feuding clans was mightier than fear and hatred of the enemy, the Turks." In view of the constant warfare with foreign and domestic foes, it seems a marvel that the Montenegrins were not exterminated.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

GÖTTERDAMMERUNG

Mythology has been called the handmaid of literature, and poets of all ages and countries have sung of their gods and goddesses. Mabel-Ruth Jackson of Tucson, Arizona, submits the names of a dozen divinities with their functions or titles appended and asks you to assign each to the proper country or civilization. Answers on page 33.

1. Janus, porter of heaven	( ) Greek
2. Be'al, source of all beings	( ) Aztec
3. Loki, Satan	( ) Egyptian
4. Ajriman, author of evil of earth	( ) Assyrian
5. Nergel, god of war	( ) Hindu
6. Il, or Ra, chief god	( ) Druid
7. Yama, god of the infernal regions	( ) Babylonian
8. Quetzalocati, famous white god	( ) Phoenician
9. Hathor, deity of the underworld	( ) Persian
10. Tlaloc, rain god	( ) Toltec
11. Tammuz, personification of decline and revolt of nature	( ) Norse
12. Poseidon, god of the sea	( ) Roman

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A nation of clans, Montenegro is, by the same token, an uneasy aggregation of family units. "The story of a family," Djilas says, in writing of his home and relatives, "may be the portrait in miniature of a land." It was truly a poor and primitive terrain, a panorama of desolate, mostly rocky country, whose very isolation was conducive to the development of imagination and heroic legend. The people of the "black mountains" loved their heritage of national ballads and epic poetry, sung or recited to the "almost hypnotically mournful music of their national instrument, the gusle." Djilas, who writes with a certain poetic exaltation, tells us: "One could not live without poetry."

Born in 1911, Djilas spent his early boyhood amid the terrible suffering of World War I. Occupied by the Central Powers, Montenegro experienced some of the most frightful privations and bloodshed of its sanguinary history. As the author describes this period, it seems remarkable that there were any survivors. It was a time of ghastly cruelty, barbarous incidents, and reprisals. When Montenegro became part of the new postwar Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, Djilas settled down to the serious business of getting an education.

What turned Djilas from traditional Montenegrin nationalism to Communism? When he entered high school he came increasingly under the influence of Communist teachers. As the sensitive young idealist looked about him he was repelled by the poverty and violence of "the land without justice." He was swayed by the "inner crises and somber moods, dark discontent and bitterness over cruelty and injustice among men and in society generally." He thought to find the remedy in Communism, which "offered youth enthusiasm, a desire for endeavor and sacrifice to achieve the happiness of the human race." Yet not one of his school friends "became an active Communist when I did, immediately at the beginning of my university studies" (where the story ends).

Djilas subsequently suffered imprisonment under the royalist regime, fought as a Partisan under Tito in World War II, emerged as a top-echelon leader in Red Yugoslavia and one of the world's most influential Communist theoreticians. The triumph of Communism, the author confesses, "gave me everything—except what I had idealistically expected of it." Disillusioned, he voiced protest against the Communists' cynicism, their brutality, their use of power for selfish ends. It was a brave man's way and it led to an unheated cell in Sremska Mitrovica. Before the jail door closed on him, he had completed this extraordinary biography, which, charged with humor, poetic beauty, and an exciting sense of life's tragi-comedy, recounts the high adventure of an idealist in search of justice.

The Protean Verdi

"Orpheus at Eighty," by Vincent Sheean *(Random House. 372 pp. $5), a biographical study of Giuseppe Verdi, discusses the long and many-faceted career of the Italian composer. Our reviewer is George R. Marek, music critic and editor of "The World Treasury of Grand Opera."*

By George R. Marek

THE ardent amateur often accomplishes more than the jejune professional. This is particularly true when the topic is music, a subject notoriously difficult to interpret in words. The least readable of the Verdi biographies is the one by Carlo Gatti, the most authoritative of the Verdi scholars. The most readable biography up to now has been that by Francis Toye, a cultivated and knowledgeable amateur.

Along comes a new biography by Vincent Sheean, who as we all know is a very good writer indeed, a war correspondent, a political observer, a novelist, and an occasional chronicler of the theatrical past. The Verdi book is the product of an amateur, again a cultivated and knowledgeable one (we may here revert to the original meaning of "amateur": "one who has a marked fondness") and as such it is generous, warm-hearted, enthusiastic, expansive—and occasionally just a little naïve. It is not the product of much original research, drawing, as Sheean himself states, on the facts compiled by Gatti. But it is obvious that Sheean has perused the available letters and documents with a fresh eye (many Verdi letters are still unavailable, locked in the safe at Sant' Agata), has studied both music and text of the major operas, has thought long and keenly about Verdi's character, and has finally produced what amounts to a fine synthesis, a sensitive interpretation.

Sheean's starting point is the third performance of "Falstaff" at La Scala. It was the custom for the Italian composer to be present at the first three performances of a new work. That third night was "in the truest sense Verdi's farewell to the theatre." From that vantage pinnacle of final success and *addio*, Verdi's life, career, opinions, prejudices, attitudes, and accomplishments are surveyed. The book is divided into five parts. "Verdi's Milan" discusses the composer's attitude toward the theatre and his struggle with La Scala. The second, "Italy's Rome," reviews Verdi's part in the politics of Italy and harks back to the early operas, such as "Nabucco," which were politically interpreted by the public. In this section Sheean the politically oriented writer rather gets the better of the musical biographer. The struggle of nineteenth-century Italy touched Verdi only tangentially, and it is an exaggeration to say that "politics, too, meant at least half of life to Verdi, and perhaps more."

The third chapter is "Peppina's Paris." Here we find an excellent recounting of Peppina's and Verdi's love for each other, begun as a liaison and ended as a deeply devoted marriage. Peppina emerges as the attractive, humorous, tolerant, and understanding woman she was. The fourth is "Home," meaning Sant' Agata: Verdi as a farmer, his secluded life there, his relationship to his early patron, Barezzi, the father of his first wife. The fifth chapter, "Heroes and Hero Worship," examines the collaboration of Verdi and Boïto and gives us, as an extra added attraction, a remarkably good sketch of Boïto the man, troubled and contradictory, yet a redoubtable intellectual and idealist.

THE five-part division is somewhat artificial and necessitates a deal of back-and-forth tracking. But who interested in the subject would not be willing to read a few facts twice? In Sheean's enthusiasm he makes a statement or two with which one might disagree, such as that the staging of "Falstaff" marked the first time Verdi received the kind of preparation he demanded. Did he not with "Otello"? Sheean also denigrates Wagner and Bülow rather more than is necessary. These are venial flaws. When you get through with the book, you will have gazed at a vivid picture of this great genius, a picture made more fascinating by incidental strokes, such as the fact that Verdi and Peppina were indefatigable sightseers and that Verdi never felt comfortable in the French language while Peppina spoke it fluently.

But oh that title! The reserved man with the white beard and the clear eyes Orpheus? It is not a title which, one ventures to say, Verdi himself would have liked.

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Writer and Clinic

Continued from page 11

dition that is related to this question of the clinical is the demonic—whether one believes in it as literal, or in some sense of symbol and fantasy. Often in Dostoevsky we are dealing with the demonic, and we encounter it vividly in Jacob Wassermann's "The World's Illusion." I have seldom seen it more intensely evoked than in Ben Hecht's superb, long short story, "Death of Eleazer."

Shirley Jackson, John Cheever, and John Collier all have employed the demonic in their work, brilliantly though often relatively shallowly, as if for the sheer relish of novelty or fantasy. Incidentally, as a clinical character study well assimilated into art, not necessarily involving the demonic, Miss Jackson's "The Bird's Nest" is a unique and fascinating achievement that makes most interesting parallel reading with the later non-fiction, clinical case study, "The Three Faces of Eve," by Doctors Thigpen and Cleckley.

THE truest, deepest senses of the demonic are captured by the novels of J. R. R. Tolkien, C. S. Lewis, and Charles Williams. They all have the kind of greatness that is expressed well by T. S. Eliot, in respect to Williams, in that "there is nothing else that is like them or could take their place."

Why are so many writers currently preoccupied with clinical behavior patterns from the simply neurotic to the psychopathic? There is a valid question as to whether mental illness is on the rise as much as awareness of it is on the rise. We see an abundance of mental illness throughout all literature and history, unremarked as such. Today there are new forms of awareness and understanding which, naturally, involve the writer's work as an interpreter of character and behavior. It is not only proper that it should be so—it would be a judgment upon a writer to be unaware of or unresponsive to new data on human life. But sound knowledge, maturity, and responsibility are necessary when he ventures into specific use of clinical problems or materials.

Some writers visibly are compulsive in their use of clinical materials—their books are symptoms more than creations. They are more than preoccupied with the sick, they are unable to see the well. Some use such materials with calculated cynicism for their shock and sensation value. Some, between these extremes, are guilty of no more than a muddled and mediocre use of clinical materials neither more nor less conspicuous than the muddled and mediocre use they make of the other materials of life.

The mess that the writer may make with his clinical materials, and the distortion in which he projects their relationship to life often is directly related to the distortion or loss of his vision of man. This can be a sorrowful thing to see. Truly to understand a man who is sick you must understand a man who is well. I believe that the loss of the understanding of the full nature of man is itself a major source of sickness. Yet I do not suggest that the true knowledge of man is an easy healing of ills, or a happy and blithesome thing. Sometimes it can be a somber and terrifying thing to contemplate man's full measure of freedom and responsibility and both his nearness to and alienation from his Creator God.

The mark of the true artist is to know what needs to be told and what needs to be said, and to tell and say neither more nor less within the context of the actions with which he is concerned. Who is to judge in this matter? The artist must judge in the first instance and the critic has the right and duty to express opinion on the artist's judgment.

The publisher should judge, too. The principle that the publisher must be free to publish what he thinks is truly of worth does not mean that he simply publishes anything without responsibility for its standards of value. Publishers have a responsibility which cannot be evaded for some of the grossest excesses of our writers, particularly in terms of the descriptions offered, and the claims made, for books in some cases, and in more flagrant instances, for the frank promotional exploitation of sensationalism. Publishing should never be pimping.

Literary Horizons

Continued from page 12

concentrating upon the dark other half of the situation, and their distinctive attitude has been introspection, dissent, or irony. Where the voice of the majority is by definition affirmative, the spirit of independence is likeliest to manifest itself by employing the negative: by saying *no* in thunder—as Melville wrote to Hawthorne—though bidden by the devil himself to say *yes*."

This is an observation worth remembering. For a dozen years certain periodicals have been scolding contemporary novelists for not presenting a brighter picture of American life. The most sensible reply to this charge is the one usually given by writers themselves: that they write as they have to and that there is no sense in asking them to do anything else. One might add to this, following Levin's hint, that, with all the mighty agencies for shaping public opinion devoted to disseminating an affirmative view of American life, it is natural for serious and sensitive writers to emphasize the fact that there are other things to be said—and a good thing for us that they do.

At the same time I suspect that there would have been much darkness in Hawthorne, Poe, and Melville even if the prevailing mood of America had been less belligerently cheerful. Surely there was as much pessimism in the literatures of England, France, Germany, and Russia in the nineteenth century as there was in the literature of the United States. There is darkness in all great writers, even in those who, like Tolstoy, eventually arrive at some grand affirmation. Levin may well speak of "the dark wisdom of our deeper minds."

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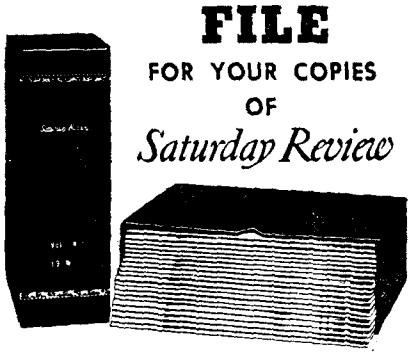

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4-26

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True Law

Continued from page 20

is no progress. While taxes, armaments, and friction increase, civilization and life hang by a thread.

When proposals are made for treaties abolishing war or limiting armaments, the good faith of the proponents should not be impugned, but all such proposals should be accepted on the understanding that three conditions will be established for the enforcement of the treaties. If a right attitude toward law be established, the three conditions will not be difficult of attainment:

1. Fundamental principles of true law already exist. The International Court of Justice exists. The reports of decisions by it and its predecessor—the World Court—are available and constitute a commendable record. Learned and experienced jurists in many countries are available as judges for additional courts as needed.

2. A provisional police force, under authority of the United Nations, has demonstrated its usefulness. It should be enlarged, vested with authority to inspect and enforce limitations of national armaments, and given exclusive control of atomic munitions.

3. The U.N. has not developed or provided a juridical order for the world because the old fetish of national sovereignty opposes it. In view of the utter destructiveness of modern warfare, the supreme interest and right of humanity to maintain lawful order for the world community have become absolute. The sovereignty of international law over international affairs must now be accepted and applied without the interference of national veto. If the U.N. cannot establish it promptly, then the free, law-abiding nations must unite to do it.

As Albert Einstein said in one of his late and prophetic statements: "If we desire sincerely and passionately the safety, the welfare, and the free development of the talents of all men, we shall not be in want of the means to approach such a state."

The most important and immediate need is that the people and their leaders understand that sovereignty is not in any man or party or nation, but in True Law. That is so because the Creator made the Universe according and subject to law, and endowed mankind with the ability to learn and apply the law.—ROBERT N. WILKIN.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 12, 10, 9, 5, 7, 2, 6, 11, 4, 8, 3, 1.

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SR/ RECORDINGS SECTION

APRIL 26, 1958

CONTENTS

THE SWING TO STEREO
By Ralph Ellison 37

MAHLER AS MUSICOLOGIST
By Paul Nettl 40

ROSSINI, RARE AND WELL-DONE
By Herbert Weinstock 42

TWO OPERATIC FIRSTS
By Irving Kolodin 43

RECORDINGS IN REVIEW
By the Editor 44

TAPES IN REVIEW
By Mildred Norton 50

THE AMEN CORNER
By Wilder Hobson 54

THE OTHER SIDE
By Thomas Heinitz 56

PERSPECTIVES IN JAZZ
By Marshall W. Stearns 58

SPOTLIGHT ON MODERNS
By Oliver Daniel 61

LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR 64

The Moiseyev Dance Company
See MUSIC TO MY EARS 23

THE SWING TO STEREO

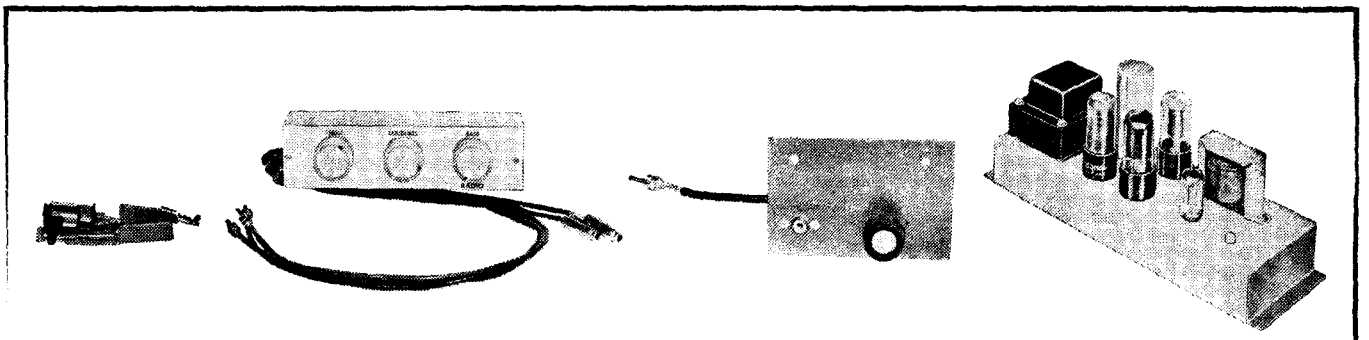
By RALPH ELLISON

A FEW years ago it was common to hear predictions in audio circles that cheap pre-recorded tapes and reasonably priced wide-range tape recorders would soon render disc recordings obsolete. We know now that the alleged "incompatibility" of tape and discs was more in the minds of the copywriters than in the nature of the two mediums. Tape was simply taken over by the recording engineers and used to improve disc recording techniques—and to such an extent that today the quality of a first-class disc equals and, in some instances, surpasses that of monaural tape.

Nor were those who anticipated an increase in tape-recorder sales disappointed. Recorders and pre-recorded tapes have become so popular that today an increasing number of home music systems boast of a collection of tapes along with the usual collection of discs. And yet the sales of microgroove recordings have continued to rise, their overall quality has improved, and an increasing variety of music and performances is being made available. In brief, tape and discs have found, both in the home and in the record stores, a harmonious, cooperative co-existence.

Ah, but then came the development of stereophonic tape. Here was achieved a higher fidelity to the manner in which human beings actually hear. Not only was it possible to have "presence" in one's sound reproduction, to hear the fiddle string's snap and scrape, the conductor's grunt, the secret texture of a score's most transient "transient modulations," but one could follow simultaneously, left-ear-right-ear, the development of the composer's ideas as they moved from one section of the orchestra to another, could hear in depth the counterpuntal interaction of the various orchestral choirs. Naturally the advanced audio fans and music lovers were quick to accept it. Where only a few months earlier one pre-amp, amplifier, and speaker stood, two now appeared. Where the single channel tape recorder once ruled, machines with stereo playback (and in fortunate instances, stereo recording) facilities took over. The audio of day after tomorrow was stereo, and from the looks of things its medium was definitely tape.

Hence, more predictions of obsolescence. Locked in its monaural



A SAMPLE CONVERSION SYSTEM: (second speaker not shown): (from left to right) stylus and pickup, volume control for additional speaker, control on present unit, and conversion unit.

—Magnavox.

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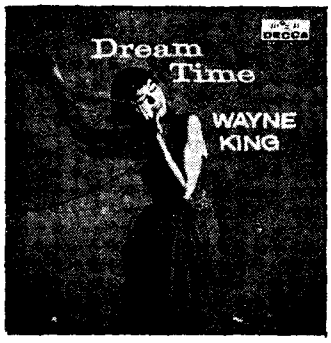
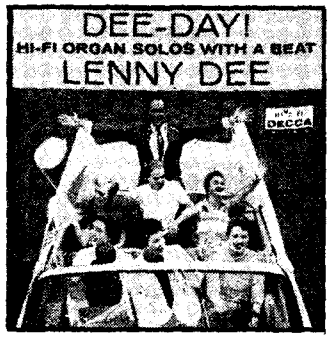
YOU NEVER HEARD IT SO HI-FI

WAYNE'S WONDERFUL



Wonderful Wayne King plays dreamy fox trots and waltzes like 'Fascination,' 'Tammy,' 'Around The World,' and many, many more. **DL 8663**

DEE-LIGHTFUL



He's done it again! The incredible Lenny Dee plays madcap hi-fi organ solos with a beat: 'Side By Side,' 'Oh, Lady Be Good!' etc. **DL 8628*****

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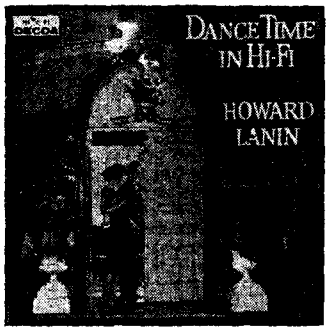
CONTINUOUS MEDLEY



Here's Howard Lanin again! It's Dance Time in Hi-Fi, terrific follow-up to Dance Till Dawn (**DL 8612**)! Continuous medley—25 top tunes! **DL 8698**

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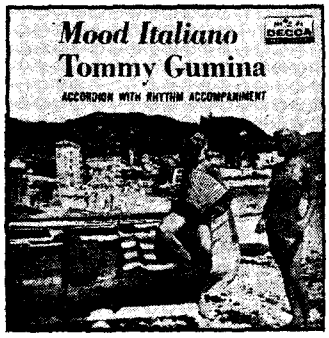
Continuous Latin American Medley! Willie Martinez gives you 'Married I Can Always Get,' 'Everybody Loves My Baby,' many more. **DL 8694**

ITALIAN INTRIGUE



For an intriguing Mood Italiano, Tommy Gumina and accordion play 'Autumn In Rome,' Love Theme from "La Strada," others. **DL 8630**

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Two Romeo and Juliets: Tchaikovsky's Fantasy-Overture; Prokofieff's Ballet Music. Berlin Philharmonic, Lorin Maazel, Conductor. **DL 9967***

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*Recorded by Deutsche Grammophon in Europe.

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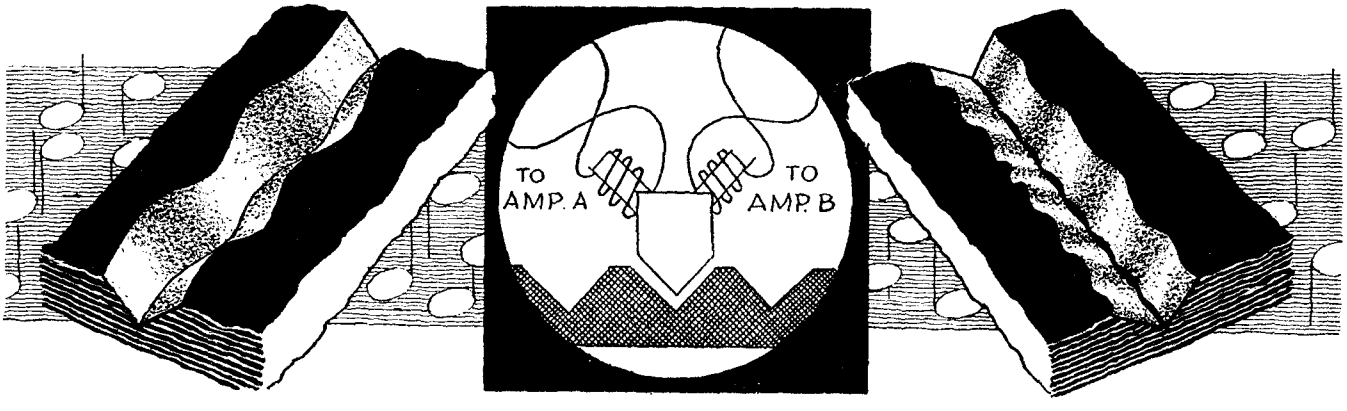
mode, the predictions went, the disc would be around for a while but soon, like the state in Marxist theory, it would wither away and die. The listening public had discovered two-eared reproduction and, so it was said, the disc simply couldn't cut it. This prediction was of course premature. For soon news was filtering from the laboratories that two methods of manufacturing stereo discs were rapidly reaching the practical stage. And despite the many problems still to be solved before the invention could make its way from the ideal conditions of the laboratory to the variable ones of the private home, the announcement had something of the effect attending the news that the U.S. was about to launch its first earth satellite. The enthusiasm quite ignored the difficulties.

Basic to disc stereophony is the problem of inscribing two seperate but parallel signals on the disc so that it will record sound as heard simultaneously by one's left and right ears, and with the full sense of spacial effect which the arrangement of the human ears affords us. Related to this requirement is the need for a pickup capable of tracking such a complex recording with the fidelity which we have come to expect of monaural recordings. Engineers concentrated on two related approaches for a solution. One was by cutting one band of sound vertically, while its parallel was inscribed laterally in the wall of the same groove. The other approach was to cut two grooves in the disc at forty-five degree angles and to design a special cartridge to track them. Because its grooves were symmetrical, discs cut by this method offered superior wearing characteristics over the other, and it was this system, known as the Westrex or 45-45 system, which found favor with most manufacturers both here and in Europe. Several companies have gone into limited production of the special equipment necessary for playing the discs, and at least one company has released a list of 45-45 recordings. Despite, however, the widespread enthusiasm over the new process it has brought its own set of sobering problems, both for the record dealer and for the collector. Neither wants his investment in high-quality monaural discs swept away, nor his playback equipment unnecessarily outmoded. Thus, once more the question of compatibility was raised.

There was a concern as to whether the special cartridges designed for 45-45 discs were suitable for monaural reproduction (some definitely are) and, more importantly, whether a 45-45 disc may be played with a conventional stylus without damaging its stereo properties. A few weeks ago this seemed highly unlikely, for the symmetrical grooving of the stereo disc requires different tracking characteristics from those built into the conventional monaural cartridge. The results of tests and a survey of engineering opinion has led RCA Victor to the conclusion that for some time to come there will be two types of discs, one monaural and the other stereophonic, co-existing. In this opinion most of the major recording companies and the two manufacturers association seemed to concur and, until two weeks ago, it was assumed that the 45-45 system would be the industry standard.

Nevertheless, once the scientific imagination directs itself to a given problem the unexpected is to be expected, and not even the minimum standardization necessary to coordinate industrial production is likely to stop its drive. Indeed, even as the recording industry adjusted itself to the notion that the two types of discs were incompatible, two sources announced their disagreement. Both took the view that the two functions *can* be served by a single disc, and each has offered demonstrations to prove it.

THE first of the announced methods, developed by Jerry Minter of the Components Corporation, seeks a solution by means of a unique application of information theory and, in contrast to the accepted method, uses not two grooves but one. To simplify, let us say that Minter takes the sound as picked up by one's left ear (or the left microphone used in the dual mike pickup common to stereophony) and combines it in an electronic mixing circuit with the sounds heard by the right ear. At this point two things are accomplished: this right-ear-left-ear sound combination produces a conventional monaural signal mixture like that obtained when a stereophonic tape master is employed in cutting a monaural disc—while at the same time this mixture becomes one of the two required stereo channels. Minter then obtains, and simultaneously, the parallel stereo channel by directing the sound heard originally by the left ear through another electronic circuit which throws it 180 degrees out of phase, and then combines it in still another mixing circuit with the original signal picked up by the right ear. This second mixture of sounds, being both *in* phase (the right ear) and 180 degrees out of phase (the left ear) represents the sum of the difference between how one hears with one's left and right ears respectively. It is this mixture which, now used to modulate a supersonic carrier wave, becomes the parallel channel of the stereo. The two distinct sound mixtures are now mixed in phase, equal-



—SR *Drawing by Paul Orban.*

LEFT: Conventional groove, with lateral groove cut only. **CENTER:** Stereo pick-up, with stylus making contact for vertical as well as lateral cut. **RIGHT:** Cross-section of the stereo groove as cut in the 45-45 Westrex system. The angle of the cut facilitates tracking of the arm across the disc. The two impressions provide the information necessary to give the illusion of stereophonic sound, when used with a two-channel reproducer—that is, an additional amplifier and second speaker.

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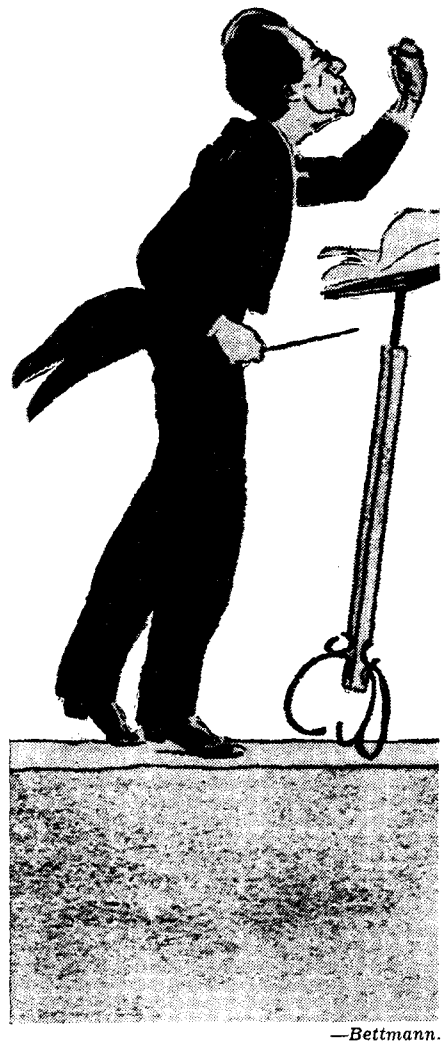
ized to the standard RIAA curve and directed to a conventional cutting head which inscribes them on the disc.

Minter holds that since only one groove is cut it is possible to play back the disc's monaural mixture with any high quality monaural cartridge with no damage. Nor is there any loss of quality such as occurs when one listens to a stereophonic FM broadcast with monaural equipment, for both channels are inscribed in the lateral groove. Nor does one hear the presence of the parallel stereo signal which, because it lies beyond the spectrum of human hearing, must be demodulated and thrown back in phase before it can be brought within the range of hearing. For this a special preamplifier is necessary. Nevertheless, Minter contends that even so, the fact that no special cutting head is necessary in manufacturing his discs, and the fact that they may be played by conventional wide range cartridges more than makes up for it. In Minter's demonstration the reproduced sound comes through with some of the clarity and three dimensional effect characteristic of stereophonic tapes. The records were wide range and as quiet surface-wise as the average monaural recording. Nor could I detect any cross talk between the multiplexed information.

As interesting as the Minter system happens to be, it took Dr. Peter Goldmark, the developer of the LP record, and his associates at CBS Laboratories, to bring the shock of drama to the problem of compatibility. During the recent IRE sessions he demonstrated his own version of a compatible record. Ironically enough he was able to do so by taking a second look at the vertical-lateral method which the industry has rejected as impractical. By making his own application of the same information theory used by Minter, Goldmark feels that he has overcome the objections to the vertical-lateral procedure. Some of these objections were that discs cut in this manner would have poor wearing characteristics; that when played monaurally, only half of the recorded sound would be reproduced; and that the conditions necessary to securing compatibility would cancel out the possibility of true stereophonic effect.

Goldmark's solution was to combine the two signals picked up by the two microphones in a manner similar to that used by Minter for his monaural channel, and to inscribe it laterally, while the difference, or stereophonic, information is inscribed vertically. Goldmark holds that because neither microphones nor the human ears are absolutely directional in their detection of sound, there is sufficient dupli-

(*Continued on page* 60)



—*Bettmann.*

UPPER LEFT: An unusual photograph of Mahler in his Prague days, a young man with a beard. **LOWER LEFT:** After Mahler has assumed the directorship of the Imperial Opera in Vienna. **RIGHT:** A cartoon by Otto Bouhler, showing Mahler at the Vienna Philharmonic.

MAHLER AS MUSICOLOGIST

By PAUL NETTL

THE letter by Gustav Mahler reproduced here, written during his stay in Hamburg (1891-1897), deserves much biographical and musical attention. It belongs to the autograph collection of Mr. Walter Hinrichsen, New York, who very kindly lent it to me for translation and reproduction for the first time.

Mahler studied music history at the Vienna Conservatory, 1877-1878, but his name does not appear in the records. At the University he preferred to study philosophy and history. He was not what we might call a "trained musicologist," and in this respect was quite different from Brahms, who took an active part in the *Denkmaeler der Tonkunst in Oesterreich* and who also in other instances showed great interest in old music. Even Mahler's contact with the famous Austrian musicologist, his childhood friend Guido Adler, changed this lack of musicological orthodoxy very little.

In any case, it is remarkable that Adler, in his Mahler biography, does not mention any musicological studies by the composer. All who knew him agree that Mahler owed his extensive and profound knowledge, even that of music history, to indefatigable diligence and an unending zest for learning. About the "tormentor," Miss Witt, a young girl of Hamburg, no further particulars could be obtained.

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Dear Miss Witt,

ALTHOUGH I am not easily prevailed upon to start a "correspondence," and even my best friends have reason for complaints about me in this respect, I nevertheless feel the urge to answer a question in your last letter. "Why does it require such a large apparatus as an orchestra to express a great thought?" But I must be somewhat lengthy in order to make you realize how I look at the matter.

You seem to have browsed around in musical literature and I assume that even the older and old music, as far back as Bach, is not quite unknown to you. Haven't you been struck by two facts there?

First, the farther you go back in time, the more primitive are the marks for the performance, *i.e.* the more do the authors leave the explanation of their thoughts to the interpreters. For example, in Bach you find only in very rare instances a designation of time, or any other indication as to how he thinks the work should be presented; even the crudest differentiations, like *p* or *ff*, etc., are missing. (Wherever you do find them they have usually been added by the publishers, sometimes even quite incorrectly.)

Secondly, the more music develops the more complicated becomes the apparatus which the composer uses to express his ideas. Just compare the orchestra Haydn uses in his symphonies (*i.e.*, it was not the way we see it at the "Redoute," in Philharmonic concerts, because more than half the number of instruments has been added later) with the orchestra Beethoven requires in his Ninth. Not to mention Wagner and the newer composers. Why is this so? Do you believe that this is accidental or, even, a composer's unnecessary extravagance brought on by some unfathomable whim?

Now let me tell you my view of this matter: In its beginnings, music was merely "chamber music," *i.e.* meant to sound in a small room, before a small audience (often consisting only of the performers). The feelings on which it was based reflecting, in accordance with the period, simply, naively, and only sketchily the sentiments of the soul: joy, sadness, etc.

The "musicantes" were sure of themselves; they moved in a circle of ideas familiar to them, based on a definitely circumscribed and, within these limits, well-founded artistic skill. Therefore, the composers did not give any instructions; it was a foregone conclusion that everything would be correctly seen, felt, and heard.

There was hardly any "dilettantism" (instances like Frederick the Great and such were presumably rare); rather did the noble, wealthy class pay trained musicians to play in their chambers for their enjoyment, and therefore the compositions were not mistreated by ignorance. Usually the author and "musicians" may even have been identical.

In the church which, naturally, was the chief domain of this art, where it also originated, everything was strictly defined by the ritual. Briefly, the composers were not afraid of being misunderstood, and were satisfied with sketchy notes for their own use—without giving much thought to the fact that others would have to interpret them, or that they might even misinterpret them.

As time passed, however, they probably had unpleasant experiences and now aimed to convey their intentions to the performer by decipherable signs. Thus resulted, gradually, a wide system of sign language which—like the musical notes indicating the musical pitch—gave definite indications of time or stress of sound.

Hand in hand with this went also the acquisition of *new emotional elements* as subjects of imitation through sound, *i.e.*, the composer began to include more and more profound and complicated parts of his emotional life in his work—until the *new era* in music started with Beethoven. From then on there are not just the fundamental sentiments, such as mere joy or sadness, etc., which are the subject of musical production, but also the transition from one to the other: conflict, its nature and its effects upon us; also, humor and poetic thoughts.

Now even the most complicated marks were insufficient. So, instead of imposing upon one individual instrument such an abundant palette of colors (as Mr. August Beer would put it), the composer used a separate instrument for each color. (The analogy is retained in the expression "timbre.") So, gradually, out of this necessity, grew the *modern*, the "Wagnerian" orchestra.

Thirdly, I would finally like to mention the external necessity for enlargement of the musical apparatus: Music became more and more common property—audience and performers increased steadily. Instead of the chamber there now was the concert hall, instead of the church, with its *new* instrument, the organ, there was the opera house. Thus you see, if I sum up once more: We moderns need such a large apparatus to express *our* thoughts, be they large or small. Firstly, because we are forced to distribute our numerous prismatic colors upon various palettes, to protect ourselves against misinterpretation; secondly, because our eyes learn to see more and more colors and ever finer and more delicate modulations in the rainbow; thirdly, because, in order to be heard by the multitudes in huge concert halls and opera houses, we have to make a big noise.

Perhaps since women are rarely convinced—at best sometimes persuaded—you will now object "Well, but was Bach less great than Beethoven, or is Wagner greater than he?" Here I must reply, my little "tormentor" (tormentor indeed—here I am tormenting myself for almost an hour, writing this letter!), to get an answer to this question you will have to ask someone who can take in, at a glance, the entire spiritual development of humanity. We are what we are! We "Moderns." Even you are that way. Can I prove to you now that you, little nuisance, require a more complex apparatus for your living than did the Queen of England in the seventeenth century who—as I read recently—had a pound of bacon and a mug of beer for breakfast, and spent her evenings in her chamber, spinning by the light of one tallow candle to combat her boredom? What do you say to that?

So—away with the piano! away with the violin! They are all right for the "chamber," when you, by yourself or with a good friend, want to recall the works of the great masters—like an echo—just as an etching may bring back memories of the colorful paintings by Raphael or Boecklin. I hope I make myself understood, and, in this case, I do not mind having devoted an hour of my life to you who has put such charming trust in a stranger.

Since this epistle has become so long I would like to know that I have not written it in vain and ask you to please let me know if it has reached you.

With the best wishes.

GUSTAV MAHLER.

Hamburg, 7-11-93.

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—Bettmann.

Caricature of Rossini by Carjat.

ROSSINI, RARE AND WELL-DONE

By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

"LE COMTE Ory," Rossini's late, last comic opera, was first produced at the Paris Opéra on August 20, 1828. Its two-act text, an expansion of a one-act "vaudeville," was in part the work of the prolific Augustin-Eugène Scribe. The score, which Rossini is said to have written out in less than one month, consists of a dozen new numbers spliced into a new version, with new text, of "Il Viaggio a Reims," a ceremonial opera in Italian which he had mistakenly offered to Paris in 1825. "Le Comte Ory" has been described by Francis Toye, the best of Rossini's recent biographers, as "one of the most original and delightful works that he ever penned."

Why, then, has "Le Comte Ory" been revived so seldom in recent decades that its production by the Glyndebourne forces at Edinburgh in the summer of 1954 became an international operatic event? Now, to give us approximate answers, comes a "Glyndebourne" recording (Angel 3565 B/L, $10.96) in the original French, vivaciously conducted by Vittorio Gui, and sung by a cast within hailing distance of its appointed tasks. And the answers seem to be: because in overall manner "Le Comte Ory" is a French operetta (what French operetta truly has survived in the international repertoire?) and because its libretto, after remaining funny and swift for one act and half of another, then collapses into sentimental banality.

Berlioz said the apposite thing when he wrote of "Le Comte Ory" that it "forms a collection of diverse beauties which, ingeniously divided up, would suffice to make the fortune not of one, but of two or three operas!" For the fact that the opera suffers from the weaknesses of its patchwork origin does not keep some of its numbers from being almost, as Toye wrote of one of them, "worthy of Mozart at his best." First, of course, stands the really wonderful trio for Ory (tenor), the Comtesse Adèle (contralto), and her page, Isolier (mezzo-soprano), "A la faveur de cette nuit obscure." Half a dozen of the solos and ensembles are of surpassing beauty and wit. Not to hear them is to miss knowing many moments of pure delight.

In the recorded performance, Michel Roux excels as Ory's friend, Robert. Juan Oncina has nerve-pinching difficulties with the fioriture and high tessitura of Le Comte Ory. Sari Barabas is adequate as the Comtesse Adèle. Monica Sinclair as the Comtesse's companion, Ragonde, sounds like a fine English-oratorio-singer singing French; and as the giddy page, Isolier, Cora Canne-Meijer is damagingly miscast. The minor roles are handled in a minor way. Only in the ensembles does the vocal performance often rise to the demanded brilliance. Most unhappily, we are left wondering what happens in the sections excised: the cavatina "Veiller sans cesse" and all of Scene 7 of Act I.

Even an incomplete recording of "Le Comte Ory," and that not of the first water, joyfully widens the horizons of operatic familiarity. What enduring pleasure there would be, then, in a complete recording conducted by Gui or his peer and with more agile singers more native to the French operetta style.

REVIEWING in these pages (June 15, 1957) the recordings of "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" with Simionato, Misciano, Bastianini, Siepi, and Corena (London XLLA-51) I praised the singers, but complained about both Alberto Erede's indifferent conducting and the tradition-sanctioned butchery of Rossini's score. Now, having listened to the new Angel recording (3559 C/L, $15.94), I find all but one of the singers excellent, Alceo Galliera's conducting hugely more absorbing than Erede's, and the score, as ever, cut to traditional ribbons.

Maria Meneghini Callas, singing Rosina in the same key as Simionato, gives that arch, determined girl a more interesting and consistent vocal personality than any other performer I have heard. She is in excellent voice, handles both the fioriture and the bubbling humor with consummate ease, and gives a telling lesson on how to fit into ensemble numbers. Tito Gobbi is hands down the best Figaro I know about; Nicola Zaccaria as Don Basilio and Fritz Ollendorff as Dr. Bartolo are right, convincing, and enjoyable. But Luigi Alva as Almaviva so has to stretch and strain his unmodulated voice as to make me wonder why he was given this assignment. It is because of Galliera's masterly conducting and because of the exciting character-building by Callas and Gobbi that this seems to me the best of the available versions of "Il Barbiere."

In the "Lesson Scene," Callas contents herself with singing superbly Rossini's original "Contro un cor che accende amore," adding no mad

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scenes, variations, or simple ballads. Her fioriture, however, like those of any singer who sings any role in any performance of "Il Barbiere" these days, were composed by Dr. Benighted Tradition. The recent rebirth of accurate florid singing and genuine bel canto has made possible performances of "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" as Rossini composed it. But as long as we the listeners will accept in operas distortions that we would noisily reject in symphonies and concertos, the disfiguring of masterpieces will continue. Gioacchino Rossini was a genius; he knew precisely what he was making; it is the duty of impresarios and conductors to see that when one of his delicious operas is performed or recorded, it is kept unyieldingly faithful to the score that he left us.

And now, gentlemen, how about a complete recording of "Il Barbiere di Siviglia"? With Almaviva's solo outburst as he "imperiously puts Bartolo in his place . . ." And with "Almaviva's joy . . . so overwhelming that it sweeps him off for a moment into a key signature of five flats as he turns to congratulate Rosina on her escape from the clutches of her tyrant." And with Almaviva continuing "to pour out the happiness of his heart [the aria 'Ah il più lieto, il più felice'] the chorus still joining in from time to time, and the solo part proliferating into increasingly difficult coloratura." With the final scene as Ernest Newman thus describes it, that is, restored to the design and proportions that Rossini gave it.

It was Rossini who, in March 1835, presented to a Mlle Louise Carlier an album of "melodies, all in original manuscript form and all written by celebrated contemporary composers." Rediscovered by the Milanese collector Natale Gallini, this "Album de Musique" has been recorded by Suzanne Danco with Francesco Molinari-Pradelli at the piano (Epic LC 3422, $3.98). The songs, arias, and ballads demand much more variety than Danco brings to her predominantly pleasant, colorless voice. Most interesting of the seventeen numbers are Rossini's own contribution, "Mi lagnerò tacendo," Bellini's "Dolente immagine," Marco Aurelio Marliani's "Voli l'agile barchetta," Meyerbeer's "Soave l'istante," Cherubini's "Se cerca...se dice," Spontini's "L'Adieu," Antonio Bazzini's "Chi ami," and Edouard Brugière's duet "Le printemps arrive" (in which Danco is joined by Ester Orel, mezzo-soprano). The recording is good, but the accompanying notes should have included the complete texts of all seventeen numbers rather than of only some of them. Put this record down as an engaging curiosity.

Two Operatic Firsts

THAT delightful condition in which the opera-lover can make up his own mind whether to take or leave an operatic experience has been extended to two works of the Thirties, as different in content as in the character of their writers: Richard Strauss and Hugo von Hofmannsthal's "Arabella" (London A 4412, $19.94), Douglas Moore and Stephen Vincent Benet's "The Devil and Daniel Webster" (Westminster). Portions of "Arabella" have been available both on Angel and London, but it is a first time for it as a unit, as it is for any part of Moore's score.

London's sense of suitability in the casting of recorded opera has rarely been better applied than to "Arabella," for in addition to Hilde Gueden as Zdenka and Lisa della Casa as Arabella (the worldwide standard in these parts), it has added the rich voice and striking dramatic force of the Mandryka which George London introduced at the Metropolitan two years ago. Some producers might rest content with this, but the pleasures are by no means exhausted. Otto Edelmann as Waldner, Anton Dermota as Matteo, Waldemar Kmentt as Elemer, and Ira Malaniuk as Adelaide give us supporting singers of festival quality. Mimi Coertse is excellent as Fiakermilli.

Doubtless Clemens Krauss or Erich Kleiber would have been preferential choices to conduct the first complete "Arabella" with the Vienna Philharmonic had they lived, but Georg Solti surpasses anything he has previously done for the phonograph in this task. Neither so lighthanded as Rudolf Kempe's, nor as tightly organized as Erich Leinsdorf's, it nevertheless has fine plasticity, and a real sense of the appropriate blend for microphone purposes. The lovely match of sound which distinguishes the sisters Waldner (Gueden and della Casa) in the theatre is heard at its finest, the interstranding of instruments with London's warmly picturesque singing admirably adjusted. As for the work itself, real acquaintance with it only intensifies differences with, rather than resemblances to "Rosenkavalier." In such sumptuous sound as London has provided, it should win many new friends.

THE particular virtue of Westminster's venture on behalf of "The Devil and Daniel Webster" is to acquaint us with a work of decided flavor and originality which few have had the opportunity to re-appraise since it was new in 1939. The performance conducted by Armando Aliberti with an otherwise unidentified "Festival Choir and Orchestra" in which Lawrence Winters takes the part of Daniel Webster is serviceable rather than distinguished, but it shows that the best qualities of Moore's recent "Baby Doe" are rooted in fertile soil. Moore's setting of the text is consistently expert, rising to real eloquence in the final trail scene (made famous in the film version called "All that Money Can Buy," for which Bernard Herrmann wrote the Oscar-winning music).

Winters's baritone is well suited, physically, to the requirements of Webster's role, though he is not too successful in characterizing New Hampshire's distinguished son. Joe Blankenship is more believable as Jabez Stone, and Doris Young displays a very pretty soprano as Mary Stone. Frederick Weidner is properly malicious as Scratch. Altogether Westminster's venture into this kind of Americana points a way others might follow. —IRVING KOLODIN.

—*Culver.*

Stephen Vincent Benet.

—*Culver.*

Hugo von Hofmannsthal.

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Recordings in Review

—Decca.

Simoneau—"flavorsome artistry."

Simoneau, Stylist

THOMAS: *"Adieu, Mignon" and "Elle ne croyait pas" ("Mignon"),* MASSENET: *"Instant charmant" and "Ah, fuyez, douce image" ("Manon"),* MÈHUL: *"Champs paternels" ("Joseph"), etc. Leopold Simoneau, tenor, with the Berlin Radio Symphony conducted by Paul Strauss.* Decca DL 9968, $3.98.

JUST BECAUSE Leopold Simoneau has made a reputation as a superior voice for such matters as Berlioz's "L'Enfance du Christ" and Mozart's "Cosi" is no reason to suppose he cannot sing most tenor music of the lyric persuasion as well or better than any of his contemporaries. In this collection (which includes, in addition to the French material above, "Una furtiva lagrima" from Donizetti's "L'Elisir," "De' miei bollenti spiriti" from Verdi's "Traviata," and "Ach so fromm," generally known as "M'appari," from Flotow's "Martha") Simoneau delights the mind as well as the ear with the flavorsome kind of artistry which relates him to the best singers of the past as well as the present.

Indeed, the real measure of the man is taken by his fine response to the Mèhul air, which put such singers as John McCormack and Richard Tauber on their mettle. Simoneau's resource is hardly the luxurious sound possessed by these two paragons, but he paints an affecting picture of Joseph's longing for his native land. Equally excellent are the two "Mignon" airs, the second equalling the charm if not the beauty of sound in Giuseppe di Stefano's record of nearly a decade ago.

Like most who have challenged the role of Chevalier des Grieux, Simoneau is taxed to produce the volume of sound for the dramatic climax of "Ah, fuyez douce image." Thanks to the microphone, he achieves the dramatic objective but with open, white sound. And it is only fair to say that there are other voices more suited, in richness and timbre, for the Verdi, Donizetti and Flotow matter. Throughout, however, Simoneau is a superior stylist, keenly conscious of what he is doing and why. The orchestra is good, Paul Strauss's direction of it always in keeping with the singer's intentions. Fine sound.

Serkin at his Best

BEETHOVEN: *"Diabelli" Variations. Rudolf Serkin, piano.* Columbia ML 5246, $3.98.

WHAT SETS the exceptional artist aside from the very good one is the capacity to move on from the conventional challenges—severe enough in themselves—to the unconventional ones which call for capacities above and beyond the requirements of commerce. A pianist can go through a highly successful career, even earn an outstanding reputation for artistry, and still ignore the existence of Beethoven's "Diabelli" variations, if he so chooses.

Obviously, Serkin has chosen otherwise; and, it is clear, this is no matter of merely doing something difficult for the sake of showing it is not impossible. He has obviously immersed himself in this music, thought about it for years, and at length put himself to the test. The outcome is to increase our esteem not only for Serkin, but also for the monumental work itself, which is about as much as any interpretive artist can aspire to achieve.

The customary treatment of this work deals largely with the surface of Beethoven's manipulation of the commonplace tune which he took as his text, showing us the involutions and convolutions of thought which produced the staggering total. The result is to impress us with the magnitude of the feat without involving us very much with the expressive design. Serkin's view, clearly, is that if it is by Beethoven, it must contain the same emotional vision, the same sense of drama, the same striving for eloquence as other works of his later life. What is more, he makes a triumphant thing of his quest, relating each of the variants to their common source, but carrying the pattern of expression ahead steadily. Only Schnabel, to my recollection, has viewed the work in a comparable spirit (Backhaus plays it superbly, but in another vein) and Serkin's pianistic equipment for those sections which are purposefully brilliant is more secure than his great predecessor's. Moreover, he plays the quieter variations well within his maximum tonal strength, so that the contrast, when he asserts full power, is the more striking. Excellent sound, quiet surfaces, no unwanted vocalism.

Villa-Lobos and Los Angeles

VILLA-LOBOS: *"Bachianas Brasileiras" No. 5 (Aria, Dansa). Victoria de Los Angeles, soprano, with the composer conducting. Bachianas Brasileiras No. 2, No. 6 and No. 9. Orchestre National de la Radiodiffusion Française conducted by the composer.* Angel 35547, $4.98.

THOUGH THE melodic inspiration of the "Aria" (written by Villa-Lobos in 1938) is one of the most familiar melodies written in recent times, thanks to the superb mid-Forties recording of Bidu Sayao, the "Dansa" is relatively unknown (at least in this vocal work, for it has a good deal of kinship with some other "forest music" written by the same composer). Los Angeles is an inspired choice, among contemporary singers, for the dual responsibility, for she manages the swift-moving phrases of the "Dansa" as deftly as she spins the long sustained line of the "Aria." She does not quite achieve the same eloquence as Sayao, but it would be difficult for any later singer to equal the impact conveyed in the discovery of such a work when it was first heard.

The other three "Bachianas Brasileiras" of this disc range from the second, for full orchestra, through the sixth, for flute and bassoon, to the ninth for strings only. To judge from the familiar finale of the second, known as "Little Train of the Caipira," the quality of performance is limited by the composer's lack of real skill as conductor. For all his identity with the material, such matters as balance, intonation, and dynamic contrast are not clarified by Villa-Lobos as they should be. Thus, tonal vagueness takes the place of the wanted definition and clarity.

A welcome upgrading of quality occurs in the "Bachianas Brasileiras No. 6" where the performers are Fernand Dufrène, flute, and René Plessier, bas-

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soon. Both are masters of their instruments, in the best French woodwind tradition, and they execute Villa-Lobos's closely written patterns ("to suggest the old Brazilian serenade for two instruments," says the composer's note) with fine precision and tonal values. Technically, the recording is as good as the performances permit it to be.

Gershwin, of Sorts

GERSHWIN: *"Concerto in F." Reid Nibley, piano, with the Utah Symphony conducted by Maurice Abravanel.* Westminster XWN 18684, $3.98. *"Rhapsody in Blue" and "An American in Paris." The same.* Westminster XWN 18687, $3.98.

HAD THESE recordings originated in Australia, one might have smiled indulgently and passed them off as a quaint commentary on what the Aussies might do in an idiom totally foreign to them. But the discovery that such odd misconceptions of material as native to America as Gershwin's can flourish in his own country is a reminder that notes on paper can't speak for themselves, and once a composer has been dead for as much as twenty years a generation has arisen which has to learn all over again how the music goes, and sometimes doesn't.

The beginning of conductor Abravanel's trouble (for it is he, I presume, who dictated the ways in which this music is paced and phrased) is that he has no real sense of the jazz idiom, or what Gershwin borrowed from it. Consequently tempi are distorted, outlines blurred and the melodies shamefully sentimentalized. The "Rhapsody" suffers slightly less than the "Concerto," but any resemblance to the way the work sounded when the composer performed it (not to mention such qualified exponents as Oscar Levant, Jesus Maria Sanroma, Abram Chasins, Earl Wild, Leonid Hambro, Morton Gould, Leonard Pennario, or Eugene List) is not merely coincidental, but accidental. As for this "American in Paris," he should have stood there.

Doubtless it is a considerable feat to organize and sustain an orchestra in Utah, and Abravanel is entitled to all the credit he deserves. But it is just as certain that a recording carries with it the suggestion of an artistic achievement, and if this product comes into the hands of South Americans, South Africans or South Rhodesians who look upon it as a believable sample of what Gershwin's music is like—after all, it is made in America—one can only denounce it as a travesty. The sound is better than it deserves.

Farrell in Form

GLUCK: *"Divinites du Styx" ("Alceste").* WEBER: *"Ozean, du Ungeheuer" ("Oberon").* VERDI: *"Ernani, involami" ("Ernani").* PONCHIELLI: *"Suicidio" ("La Gioconda").* TCHAIKOVSKY: *"Adieu, forêts" ("Jeanne d'Arc").* MASSENET: *"Il est doux, il est bon" ("Hérodiade").* DEBUSSY: *"Air de Lia" ("L'Enfant Prodigue").* MENOTTI: *"To this we've come" ("The Consul"). Eileen Farrell, soprano, with Thomas Schippers conducting the Philharmonic Orchestra.* Angel 35589, $4.98.

THOSE WHO have been agitating fairly long and very loud for a phonographic reconsideration of the talents of Eileen Farrell should be gratified that Angel has undertaken to give them what they want. "Reconsideration" may seem strange to some to whom Miss Farrell is a new phenomenon: but the records (historic, if not accessible) show that Columbia, RCA and M-G-M have considered her problem from time to time.

Why a singer with so sumptuous a sound as Miss Farrell—and it does not require the incontrovertible evidence of this record to prove what is generally accepted fact—should be considered a problem is, in itself, a problem. For one thing, she has not been driven by a career-obsession to the usual challenges of the Metropolitan or La Scala. The result is that, after fifteen years of singing in public (beginning as a radio performer in 1942), the voice is still in possession of its full bloom at a time when others are beginning to show signs of wear.

—*Angel.*

Eileen Farrell—"full bloom."

On the other hand, of all the operas represented on this disc, Miss Farrell has sung only one on the stage ("La Gioconda"), and that as recently as last year for the first time.

However, as an aria-singer Miss Farrell is so thoroughly experienced, so much in possession of the means to do what she wants to, that listening to her is a pleasure in Italian, French, German, or, for that matter, even English. There are variations of quality from aria to aria—the voice is a little heavy for "Il est doux," the style a little ponderous for "Divinites du Styx"—but the level of artistry throughout is worthy of the voice. No more could be said. Schippers does his work capably, and the recording is outstandingly good.

Philadelphia Rouser

ENESCO: *Roumanian Rhapsodies Nos. 1 and 2.* DVORAK: *"Carnival" overture.* TCHAIKOVSKY: *Francesca da Rimini. Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra.* Columbia ML 5242. $3.98.

ANYTIME A record company combines four works such as these on a single disc, the presumption must be that it is trying to prove something. My suspicion is that Columbia is trying to prove there is no reason why the best orchestra in the world shouldn't sound like the world's best orchestra on discs. And, from one dazzling climax to another, and in the waves of sonority in between, the conclusion has to be that the case has been proven beyond dispute.

As in a series of previous Columbia records from Philadelphia, the sound is bigger, cleaner, deeper, more spacious in every way than that commonly associated with the Academy of Music. The presumption has to be, then, that the work is presently being done in some other locale, though the company is not talking about it. However, as it has now been proven that other areas than conventional concert halls produce the best European recordings—London's Kingsway Hall, the Maison de Mutualité in Paris, the Sofiensaal in Vienna where London is now working—there is no reason to suppose that the laws of acoustics are any different in this country.

In any case, what we have are four of the finest performances ever to come out of Philadelphia, duplicated with a crushing fidelity to the weight and discipline of that peerless organization. The side with the Dvorak and Tchaikovsky is a particular rouser, its rattling tambourine (in the Dvorak) and smashing cymbals in the Tchaikovsky likely to show up the flaws in any equipment. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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Recordings Reports I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Arlen: "Blues Opera." Andre Kostelanetz conducting. Columbia CL 1099, $3.98.	What there is of value in Arlen's so-far unperformed work is difficult to determine from this series of orchestral excerpts from the two-act totality. Several of them are paraphrases or elaborations of such well-known tunes as "Come Rain or Come Shine," "A Woman's Prerogative," etc., which retain prior associations for lack of any others. The second side is filled out by typical productions (for this director) of "Old Black Magic," etc.
Breton: "Escenas Andaluzas." Ataulfo Argenta conducting a symphony orchestra. London LL 1701, $3.98.	One of the less compelling Argenta records, but a pleasant experience nonetheless. The material (side two is devoted to "En la Alhambra," "Bolero," and "La Dolores") has the gentle charm associated with Breton's "La Verbena de la Paloma," if hardly the spirit or brilliance of such later creators as Albeniz, Granados, or Falla. Argenta's effort is typically conscientious, but the material provides limited exercise of his superior talents. Not good sound, even by Spanish standards.
Haydn: Symphonies Nos. 96 ("Miracle") and 104 ("London"). Karl Münchinger directing the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. London LL 1756, $3.98.	For all the good work Münchinger has done with his own chamber group, he doesn't achieve more than routine results with the eminent Vienna ensemble (this is their third collaboration to be issued). The conventions of the Haydn "style" are observed, but nothing much is added of the impulsive to give it individuality and purpose. Certainly the orchestra is capable of greater refinement than Münchinger conveys.
Mozart: Symphony No. 35 ("Haffner") and Divertimento No. 15 in B flat (K. 287). Herbert von Karajan conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel 35562, $4.98.	The symphony is performed according to Karajan's Mozartian preference, which means that it is a mite heavier, less volatile than others would prefer (myself included). The anticipated pleasure in the first of the great "Lodron" (so-called from the family which commissioned them) serenades fails to develop, in part because of Karajan's preference for an ensemble of forty strings (identified on the sleeve) and two horns, rather than string quartet (plus the same two horns) for which Mozart wrote. It is patently absurd in the second slow movement (adagio) which is a romanza in concerto style, with twelve instruments instead of one. Thus the intimacy, the personality, of the writing is subordinate to the whim of a conductor who has no place in such music to begin with.
Prokofiev: Concertos No. 1 (in D) and No. 2 in G minor. Isaac Stern, violin, with the New York Philharmonic conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos (No. 1) and Leonard Bernstein. Columbia ML 5243, $3.98.	The first combined issue thus far of these two vital, highly characteristic works, and outstanding not only for the relevant qualities of artistry provided by Stern and his excellent collaborators, but also for the skilful microphoning which defines details of sound (such as the rasping "ponticello" effects in the second movement of No. 1) as they could not be heard in the concert hall. Very wide range recording, to the extent that some bass passages in No. 2 overload on my reasonably hi-fi equipment. With all this concern for techniques, it is surprising to hear a nonmusical background thump in No. 1.
Rachmaninoff: Concerto No. 4. Ravel: Concerto in G. Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli, piano, with the Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Ettore Gracis. Angel 35567, $4.98.	Although it is ten years since Michelangeli's American debut, he is still short of forty, and by the evidence of this excellent disc recovered from the ailment which kept him inactive part of that time. Both works are performed with impressive virtuosity and dash, and his musical penetration is more profound than previously. Though the Ravel does not aim as high, musically, as the Rachmaninoff, it achieves its objective more consistently. Very good reproduction.
Ravel: "Rapsodie Espagnole." Rachmaninoff: "Isle of the Dead." Fritz Reiner conducting the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LM 2183, $4.98.	Thoughtfully conceived, finely executed versions of the well matched contents. Reiner conveys a strong sense of the music's impact (especially in the Rachmaninoff), as well as its special coloration and tonal atmosphere. The Ravel is expertly done, though there are some orchestras (and acoustical surroundings) better suited to its values than those of Chicago. Clear reproduction of what the microphone has been offered.
Respighi: "Ancient Airs and Dances for the Lute." (Suites Nos. 1, 2, and 3). Franz Litschauer conducting the orchestra of the Vienna State Opera. Vanguard VRS 466, $4.98.	Bringing these suites together from previous issues in combination with other works is a service to the music lover who likes his purchases categorized. Generally, Litschauer is more successful with the fast than the slow pieces, for in the latter he is apt to dwell inordinately on melodic pleasures that should be taken in stride. At best, this is agreeable rather than distinguished performance, though the material is of the choicest. Healthy, harmonious sound.
Rimsky-Korsakov: "Scheherezade." Hermann Scherchen conducting the orchestra of the Vienna State Opera. Westminster XWN 18660, $3.98.	Scherchen applies a more analytical eye to the textual matter of this score than most, with a clarifying result on some blends and combinations. However he also tends to a little angularity and squareness of phrasing, giving a didactic flavor to what should be freeflowing and fanciful. The orchestra plays well but without the kind of tonal glamor associated with the best performances of this work. Some of the instruments (tympani especially) are artificially conspicuous in a sound scheme that is otherwise very acute.
Schubert: Symphonies No. 6 in C and No. 8 in B minor. Eduard van Beinum conducting the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra. Epic 3441, $3.98.	Two truly beautiful performances, cast on larger lines than is customary, but with all details proportionately expanded to preserve a harmonious whole. Of particular interest is the C major (the "Little" rather than the later "Great") which Van Beinum builds to some compelling climaxes. Full, cleanly-detailed reproduction.
Strauss: "Alpine Symphony." Karl Böhm conducting the Saxon State Orchestra. Decca DL 9970, 3.98.	The best version to date of this final large-scale orchestral (1915) work of Strauss, but one which does not resolve the question of its essential quality. For all its advances, the reproduction of 135 instruments (utilized in magnificent disdain for practicalities) is still beyond clarification on a record. The swatches of sound are frequently impressive, but the totality is rather empty of meaning, repetitious of many earlier scores.
Strauss: "Don Juan," "Death and Transfiguration," "Till Eulenspiegel." George Szell conducting the Cleveland Orchestra. Epic LC 3439, $3.98.	Any two of these works is familiar as a pairing, but the addition of a third makes it a bountiful offering indeed. However, Epic is pressing its cutting skill (and luck) dangerously here, for the heavy brass of "Don Juan" (which shares a side with "Till") is uncomfortably compressed in the closely-cut grooves. This is especially unfortunate as it is the finest performance of the three, in the leadership provided by Szell and the verve of the execution. "Death and Transfiguration" is also splendidly performed, if a little lacking in atmosphere, "Till Eulenspiegel" a riotous explosion of sound rather than a rollicking essay in the tonal humor.

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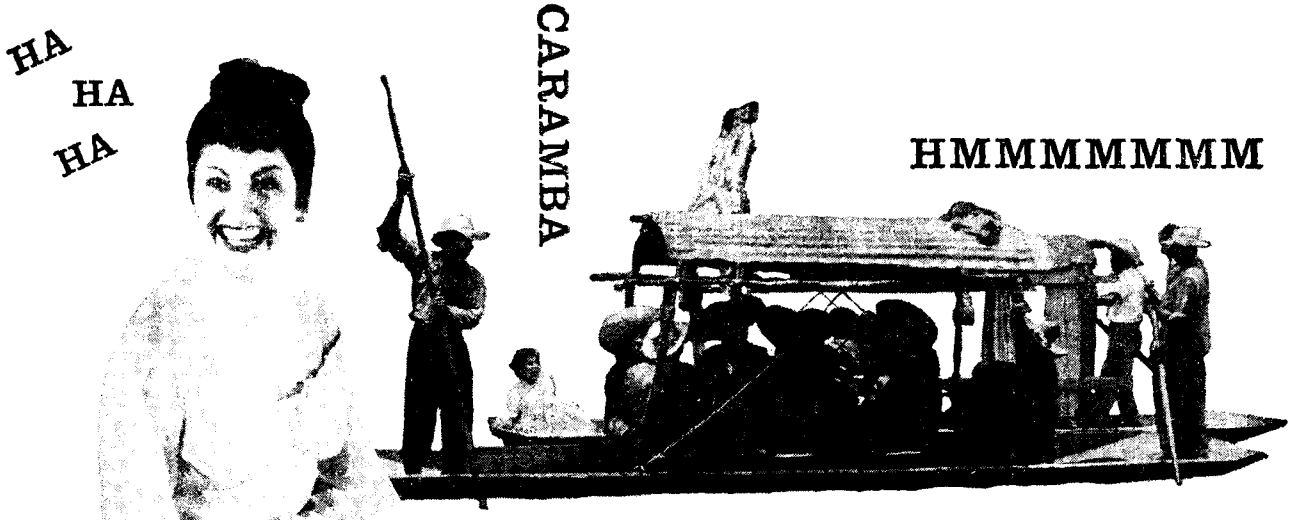

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Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: Partita in C minor (No. 2), "Capriccio on the Departure of a Beloved Brother," Fantasia in C minor. Fischer, J. K. F: Passacaglia in D minor. Wanda Landowska, harpsichord. RCA Victor LM 2194, $4.98.	All these are exemplary Landowska, if not the most appealing Bach she has recorded. That is to say, the qualities of the Partita are more intellectually absorbing than emotionally stimulating, and the "Capriccio" (a work of his nineteenth year) was written under influences he soon abandoned. The Fantasia, of course, is a superb work, superbly played. Of most interest is the fine "Passacaglia" of Fischer, for its theme has more than a slight suggestion of the one with which Bach did so much in the violin Chaconne. Fischer did quite a bit with it, too, as Landowska ably demonstrates. Finely faithful sound.
Balfe: "Then You'll Remember Me." Wallace: "There is a Flower that Bloometh," and twelve other Irish songs. John McCormack, with orchestra, and Edwin Schneider, Spencer Clay, pianists. Camden CAL 407, $1.98.	An absorbing addition to the McCormack discography, which should, one day, be as extensively restored to LP as Caruso. For even when the sentiment is at its most confectionery (in "Macushla" or "I Hear You Calling Me") the vocal art is sumptuously easy, free and controlled. A degree of genuiness comes and goes, in "The Foggy Dew," "Molly Brannigan" and, I believe, in "Mother Machree," but "Little Town in the Auld County Down," "Kathleen Mavourneen," and "Where the River Shannon Flows" are decidedly "stage Irish." Also included are "Somewhere a Voice is Calling," "When Irish Eyes are Smiling," "Molly Bawn," and "The Rose of Tralee."
Beethoven: Trios in G and C minor (opus 9, Nos. 1 and 3). Jascha Heifetz, violin, William Primrose, viola, and Gregor Piatigorsky, 'cello. RCA Victor LM 2186, $4.98.	With or without regard for the names of the performers, these are recreations of intensity, fervor, and an exceptional tightness of ensemble discipline. Though Heifetz provides a suitable leadership, each participates as a full partner in the results. Both works (rarely heard) are typical of the period in the composer's life when they were written, though the C minor is the more interesting for the implications that key always had for Beethoven. Very good technical work.
Brahms: Variations on a theme by Paganini. Scriabin: Sonata No. 5, Etudes opus 8 (Nos. 5, 10, 12) and opus 42, No. 5. Victor Merzhanov, piano. Monitor MC 2013, $4.98.	The reasons for considering Merzhanov an important artist are much more conspicuous in this disc than in his previously issued Rachmaninoff No. 3 (See Recordings March 29, 1958). In addition to the virtuosity and musicianship commended in that connection, he demonstrates a warmth of feeling, a plastic sense of the tonal language (particularly in the Brahms) which is uncommon in performers of any land in this time, and not matched even by Gilels, Oistrakh, or Kogan among those from Russia known to us by "live" contact. The recording is hardly an asset.
Debussy: "Pour le piano," "Reflets dans l'eau," "L'Isle Joyeuse," etc. Ravel: "Sonatine," "Valses Nobles et Sentimentales." Friedrich Gulda, piano. London LL 1785, $3.98.	It is relatively easy to cavil with these interpretations knowing they are the work of a Vienna-born musician identified with Mozart, Beethoven and Birdland. However I do not find his sound sufficiently varied in color for this repertory, nor is his dynamic gamut below mezzo forte subtle enough. Comparatively the Ravel side approaches the desirable somewhat closer than the Debussy, but the approximation is only that.
Granados: "Goyescas" (also "El Pelele"). Eduardo del Pueyo, piano. Epic 3444, $3.98.	The attributes admired in del Pueyo's recently issued playing of the Granados "Spanish Dances" are also evident here, plus some additional refinements that distinguish his playing from other able exponents of this composer. Among them is the ability to separate the involved figuration the composer imposed on the design ("Los requiebros," in particular) from its underlying melodic content without sacrificing expressivity. His crisp rhythm in "El fandango de candil" is also worth noting. Superior piano sound.
Griffes: Sonata, Rudhyar: Gramites, Weber: Episodes. William Masselos, piano. MGM E 3556, $3.98.	Masselos plays each of these works with supreme conviction, a feeling it is difficult to share with him. The Griffes (of his last years) is an effort beyond his best expressive capacities, the Rudhyar a product of his own invented harmonic system, the Weber a playing with sonorities derived from his score for a Merce Cunningham ballet called "Pool of Darkness."
Haydn: Quartets (Opus 64, No. 5, Opus 76, No. 2) Hungarian Quartet. Angel 45018, $3.98.	Devoted, meticulous performances of both works, tending more to nicety of detail than robustness of feeling, but not without communication, especially in the slow movements. For those who know them by their nicknames, the first is "The Lark," the second the "Quinten." The reproduction is close to flawless, both in the balance of the instruments, and the lack of surface sound.
Mahler: "Kindertotenlieder," "Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen." Kirsten Flagstad, soprano, with the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra directed by Sir Adrian Boult. London LL 5330, $4.98.	The soprano applies all the resources of her noble voice and superior artistry to this music, and the orchestral performance under Boult is full of fine execution. However, for all her beauty of sound and gravity of manner, the results strike me as somewhat exterior, not really a penetration to the essential spirit of Mahler. For one thing, the voice, rich as it still sounds, is a little heavy for the music, tending to weigh it down.
Schumann: "Frauenliebe und Leben." Mozart: "An Chloe," and eight other songs. Irmgard Seefried, soprano, with Erik Werba, piano. Decca DL 9971, $3.98.	It is difficult to decry singing which attains its objective as completely as Miss Seefried's does here, with a brightness of sound and a fluency of phrasing few of her contemporaries can match. However concentration on beautiful sound can be extreme when the charm of "An Chloe" or "Die Kleine Spinnerin" are sacrificed to it. As for the Schumann, Seefried skims its surface by comparison with such past interpreters as Lotte Lehmann or Emmy Bettendorf. Among the additional Mozart songs are "Das Lied de Trennung," "Das Kinderspiel," "Die Verschweigung," "Abendempfindung," "Als Luise die Briefe," "Einsam ging ich jüngst," and "Sehnsucht nach dem Frühling."
Verdi: "Ella giammai m'amo" ("Don Carlo"), "Il lacerato spirito," ("Simon Boccanegra") etc. Mozart: "Madamina," and "Deh, vieni alla fineatra," "Se vuol ballare," etc. Jean Morel conducting the Rome Opera House Orchestra. RCA Victor LM 2188, $4.98.	This is the classic repertory of the bass voice, (the additional items including "O tu Palermo," "Infelice" and "Tu sul labbro" from "Nabucco") and Tozzi's is one of the best we have. However there is little doubt that he will sing all of the Verdi with more personal quality when he has lived longer with them. His Mozart is enjoyable, but not as polished as it may one day well be. Morel conducts capably throughout, the orchestra responding more readily in the Verdi than the Mozart.
Wagner: "Wotan's Farewell" ("Die Walküre"), and excerpts from "Lohengrin," "Flying Dutchman" and "Parsifal." Otto Edelmann bass-baritone, with Otto Ackermann conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel 35571, $4.98.	A splendid testimonial to Edelmann's rounded qualities as an artist in his chosen field, and welcome for its attention to Daland's "Mein Kind" (Act 2), the Landgrave's "Gar viel und Schön," the two solos of King Henry from Act I of "Lohengrin" and "Das ist Charfreitags Zauber" (act III "Parsifal"). Ackermann's orchestral direction is more than respectable, the reproduction very good. —I. K.

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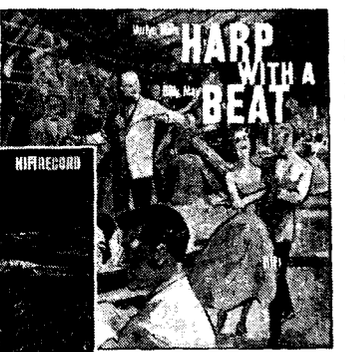

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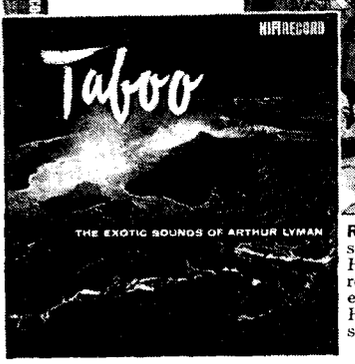

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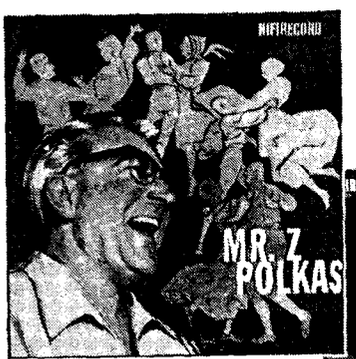

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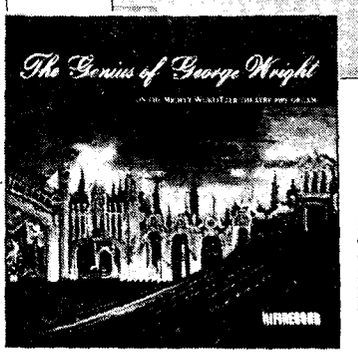

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Tapes in Review

Rubinstein's "Emperor"

BEETHOVEN: *Concerto No. 5 in E flat ("Emperor"). Artur Rubinstein, piano, with Josef Krips conducting the Symphony of the Air.* RCA Victor stereo orthophonic tape FCS-61. $16.95.

INASMUCH AS this concerto stands beside the Fourth (reviewed in January "Tapes") as a twin peak climaxing Beethoven's expression in this form, Victor's choice of the E flat as the second stereo offering from its recorded series of his piano concerti has the logic of leading from strength. The remaining concerti will doubtless follow in due course; meanwhile the tape collector now has access to two equal, but diverse, examples of Beethoven's keyboard art, as performed by a pianist who is at his own peak of recreative vigor.

High among Rubinstein's qualifications for this task is his retention of a youthful zest which has not been dulled by his gain in mature insight. This rare combination, added to a technique that grows more meticulous as it becomes subsidiary, serves to place his performance of the Fifth Concerto among the most distinguished of recorded versions.

Krips again furnishes sympathetic support, although some slight reticence suggests that while he and the orchestra are well acquainted with Beethoven they are less well acquainted with each other. This, however, cannot materially detract from a collaboration so noble in result. Much less easy to overlook is the opacity of a recording that clouds the brilliance of Rubinstein's tone.

Beethoven No. 7

BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 7 in A major. William Steinberg conducting the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra.* Capitol stereo tape ZF-22. $14.95.

A "DEFINITIVE" performance of this symphony is unlikely, and not even to be expected. As with any transcendent expression of the spirit, its substance is protean, and infinitely variable. Steinberg's recording of the work for Capitol (disc P-8398) now makes available to tape collectors a performance which, in its perception and command of intrinsic factors, can take a ranking place among the best of established readings.

Steinberg's exposition is not so much brilliant as large framed, exploratory rather than fiercely driven. This, in the two outer movements, forfeits some of the daemonic quality that Toscanini, for example, finds in them, but the loss is a calculated one, Steinberg's easier contouring being more compatible with the work's basic temper. The allegretto is unhurried (and, more remarkable, unharried), presenting the excellent Pittsburgh strings sheerly against an orchestral pulse that, however scrupulously ordered, is never less than buoyant.

Unfortunately, the recording lacks the clarity of Capitol's best.

Baden-Baden Brahms

BRAHMS: *Symphony No. 3, in F. Jascha Horenstein conducting the Southwest German Radio Orchestra, Baden-Baden.* Phonotapes stereophonic S-905. $12.95.

BRAHMS'S F MAJOR Symphony, in some ways the most constitutionally hale of his four symphonic siblings, has been less often recorded on disc than its fellows, and on stereo not at all until now. In undertaking to remedy this oversight, Vox has hit upon a congenial choice of conductor and orchestra for music whose fullest expression requires the seasoned efforts of both.

The result is a performance of unusual sensitivity and breadth, although one that stresses the music's songful line somewhat to the detriment of its organizational logic. In emotional power, Horenstein's reading invites comparison with those of Walter and Szell on disc, although his conception is more akin to Furtwaengler's in its melodic phrases. The first movement has a concision one could wish for throughout, the lack of tautness in the central movements detracting from the unity of a performance that is singularly rich in lyric beauty.

Brahmsians who deplore the blurring with which portions of this music emerge from even the best of LP pressings should take comfort from stereo's more faithful transcript. Brahms's close-textured writing needs the separation that multi-channel recording provides. The present tape meets these requirements in considerable degree, the only detracting feature being a somewhat dry string tone that is not characteristic of this orchestra.

Leonard Pennario—"brilliant technician."

Pennario in Tchaikovsky

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Concerto No. 1 in B flat minor. Leonard Pennario, piano, with Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra.* Capitol stereo tape ZF-40. $14.95.

THE TECHNICAL challenge of this invincible work is brilliantly met, its dramatic one slightly less so—the degree being just enough to prove that no recorded performance has yet seriously threatened the sovereignty of Rubinstein's pre-war tour de force on Victor's old 78 disc. Nonetheless, there is much in the present performance to recall that earlier one, notably its hearty pace, accomplished pianism, and the cordial collaboration which moves the music vigorously forward.

Although this is their first recorded partnership, Pennario and the Los Angeles orchestra have the advantage of long acquaintance. Now mutually arrived at young maturity, the one has developed into a brilliant technician and the other into a fluent, responsive ensemble, if the evidence on the present tape may be taken as representative.

Pennario plays with firm tone, his immaculate fingerwork and assured phrasing indicating a secure grasp of his overall purpose. It is Leinsdorf, however, who is the architect of this performance, hewing it along bold, decisive lines and holding these in superb equilibrium. The detailed and comprehensive result fails by only a little of realizing the maximum excitement this music can generate. The recording has exceptionally fine definition and balance.

—MILDRED NORTON.

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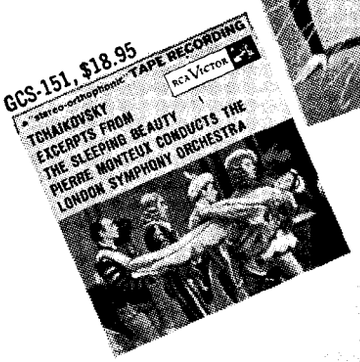

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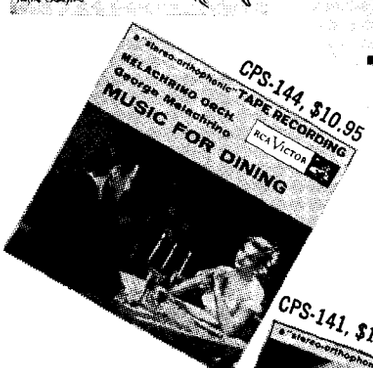

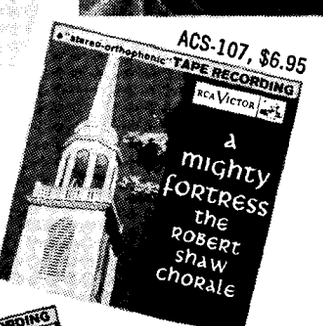

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Recordings Reports: Pre-Recorded Tapes

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
A Miracle in Sound. Mercury Demonstration Tape DEMS-2. $5.95.	A stereomnibus of samplings from recent Mercury tapes, all brilliantly engineered and impressively faithful to live performance. Selections, which range from Debussy to calypso, with "stylings" from Patti Page to Paul Paray, are aptly chosen to illustrate stereo's immediacy of projection and wider aural perspective. The accompanying vocal narration is scarcely necessary, musical and technical elements speak for themselves.
Bach: Concerto for Two Violins and String Orchestra in D minor. Walter Goehr conducting the Hamburg Chamber Orchestra; Saschko Gawriloff and Friedrich Wuehrer, violins. Concert Hall EX-46. $11.95.	A well-articulated performance, in which all forces combine to engage this music on a solid communicative level. Goehr maintains a firm but flexible rhythm and good control over the polyphonic strands. Vibrant tone and intelligent phrasing distinguish the teamwork of Gawriloff and Wuehrer, who perform with the compatibility of seasoned chamber musicians. Sound is bright, definition and balance extremely fine.
Bizet: March and Chorus ("Carmen"); Wagner: Pilgrims' Chorus ("Tannhäuser"), etc. Roger Wagner Conducting the Hollywood Bowl Symphony and Roger Wagner Chorale. Capitol ZF-39. $14.95.	More than vocal opulence fortifies the Chorale's projection of these eight familiar opera choruses. Versatile as well as disciplined, the group sustains the music's dramatic vitality through moods that range from "Trovatore's" Anvil Chorus to the poignant close of "Butterfly's" second act. Animation, precision and full-bodied vocalism lend due impact to the Soldiers' Chorus ("Faust") and the Triumphal Chorus ("Aida"). Orchestral portions lack some of the Chorale's foursquare assurance but the fine overall effect is cleanly transmitted. The same contents are also on Capitol's disc P-8390.
Bizet: Prelude to Act I ("Carmen"); Debussy: "The Maid with the Flaxen Hair," etc. Carmen Dragon conducting the Capitol Symphony Orchestra. Capitol ZF-38. $14.95.	The album's title, "A World of Music," may be somewhat too embracing for these casually garnered pieces, but each is popularly identified with a given locale (e.g., "La Cucaracha," "Londonderry Air," etc.) The Capitol ensemble has a brilliant tone, and although Dragon tends to confuse energy with animation in such rousing items as "Dance of the Comedians" and his own arrangement of "Carnival of Venice," his treatment of Brahms' A-flat waltz and the Debussy work is appropriately discreet. As on the corresponding disc (Capitol PAO-8412) the sound is very good.
Buxtehude: "Magnificat"; "Was Mich auf dieser Welt betruebt." The Cantata Singers, soloists and orchestra, conducted by Alfred Mann. Urania UST-902. $8.95.	Some unevenness in quality mars the disced version of these works (Urania 8018) but this is partially eliminated in the stereo edition, which gives a clearer account of the choral passages. The soloists (Helen Boatwright and Janet Wheeler, sopranos, Russell Oberlin, countertenor, Charles Bressler, tenor and Paul Matthen, bass) contribute musicianly efforts to the Magnificat, but it is the cantata, for soprano, two violins and continuo, that captivated this listener. Its strophic stanzas have a surprisingly modern lilt and Miss Boatwright delivers them with rare understanding.
Buxtehude: Missa Brevis; "Alles, was ihr tut." The same. Urania UST-1210. $11.95.	Also part of the aforementioned disc, these are inspiringly beautiful works harking back to the forgotten art of voice leading. Conductor and performers, especially the soloists, apply themselves to generally good effect, but in this instance the choral involutions prove too intricate for the present choristers to execute wih authority. Buxtehude's part-writing can easily sound less than explicit to modern ears, the passing tones tending to an impression of vocal insecurity unless scrupulously projected. Better microphoning or greater vocal assurance would have improved the total effect, but this should not discourage closer acquaintance with the music.
Debussy: "La Mer." Ravel: "Daphnis et Chloe" (Suite No. 2). Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Los Angeles Philharmonic Orchestra. Capitol ZF-25. $14.95.	Despite stereo's potential for conveying the tonal subtleties of "La Mer," a wholly successful performance has yet to appear on tape. Leinsdorf's treatment is the obverse to that of Munch for Victor (CCS-54), but it errs as far in the direction of literalness as Munch's does of glibness. On the whole, Leinsdorf's carefully weighed, meticulous approach is more admirable, although in striving for the "sonorous haze" Debussy presumably favored he ignores the work's inherent drama. Orchestral nuances are better conveyed than on the disc (Capitol P-8395), and recording sound is more open than the Victor tape. Some dynamic unevenness in the Ravel suggests that segments of the suite were recorded at different sessions.
Grieg: "Peer Gynt" Suite No. 1. Vittorio Gui conducting the Florence May Festival Orchestra. Livingston 2002-C. $6.95.	An impractically packaged little bijou, this five-inch reel is the first classical release in the company's new Livingstonette series. The Florence festival orchestra is a finely-groomed unit with full, solid ensemble tone, but Gui's deliberate approach might better serve weightier material. Sound is up to Livingston's customary high standard, with especially good microphoning.
Prokofieff: "Peter and the Wolf." Artur Rodzinski conducting the Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of London; Garry Moore, narrator. Sonotape SWB-8029. $11.95.	The animals in the Bronx zoo will have to be issued Musicians' Union cards if Sonotape continues to dub their vocalism into such pieces as this and "Carnival of the Animals" (which on LP (Westminster 18525) share a single disc). However, their role in the present stereo offering is so nominal as to add nothing to a performance that has strong competition on other grounds from that of Ormandy (Columbia JMB-4). The Philadelphia performance is livelier, less episodic and better articulated; the sound is also brighter, the tone more lustrous. As between Garry Moore's straightforward narration and Cyril Ritchard's delivery, my preference for the latter is strengthened by Sonotape's having pitched its level of narration too high.
Romberg: "Student Prince" (highlights). De Falla: "Ritual Fire Dance." Heinrich Alster conducting the Hamburg Philharmonia Orchestra. Bel Canto ST-26 $7.97.	Curiously, no credit of authorship for either work appears on the jacket. Quality of sound, however, is quite good, and the Hamburg players are an efficiently functioning body. Unfortunately, Alster takes too little advantage of either factor, failing to exploit the full resources of either music or orchestra with an approach so plodding and tentative as to suggest that his conducting experience has been limited.
"Stringtime," with Richard Jones conducting the Pittsburgh Strings. Capitol ZC-1. $11.95.	Such languorous items as "Here in My Arms," "We Kiss in a Shadow," "Deep Night," "In the Blue of the Evening" and "Autumn Leaves" are among the dozen melodies given a silken treatment by Jones and the string section of the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra. Jones conducts his imaginative arrangements with a sensitive feeling for mood, conveyed by a tape of exceptional clarity and depth.
Weill: "Speak Low"; Moross: "Lazy Afternoon," etc. Hal Otis and his Orchestra. Sonotape SWB-7034. $6.95.	Pleasant to dance to or simply to listen to, the four selections on this short reel generate a pensive atmosphere that might have been agreeably extended. There are no vocals, but the unusual combination of violin, accordion, guitar, bass and drums lends the arrangements a novel character. The numbers, among them "Bess, You is My Woman, Now" (Gershwin) and "Isn't It Romantic?" (Rodgers), are linked with smooth transitions to sustain the dreamy mood. Sound is especially fine, but a questionable choice of cover "art" gives little hint of the album's tasteful contents. —M. N.

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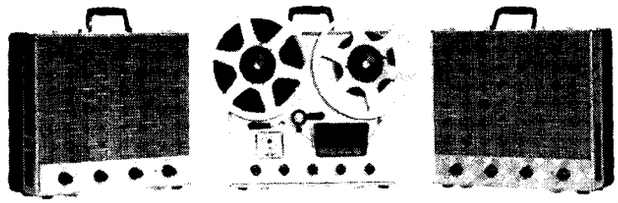

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Stereo Disc versus Stereo Tape

The excitement over the introduction of the stereo disc has generated a little heat but not very much light. Recently, however, C. J. LeBel, a widely-known audio expert and a vice-president of Audio Devices, Inc., helped to clarify the situation with some calm and rather specific statements. Since Audio Devices makes both master recording discs and magnetic recording tape, LeBel is in an excellent position to comment. Here are a few excerpts from his article:

"The cost of a stereo disc has been forecast as being no higher than a monaural disc; this is only partly true. For one thing, better quality control of processing will be needed to overcome ticks and pops in the stereo disc.

"The pickup must consist of extremely light equipment requiring better engineering than is presently needed for the same quality reproduction. Better engineering must also keep down the hum that arises from the required sacrifice of output voltage. Another problem is to overcome both lateral and vertical rumble.

"Some people claim that the stereo disc can be played by an ordinary non-stereo pickup. This is wishful thinking, for the average monaural pickup will cut the stereo groove to bits in a short time.

"The problems of stereo disc reproduction are rather formidable. There is a strong probability that high quality reproduction equipment for stereo disc will cost at least as much as for stereo tape and possibly more. It seems to us that there will be peaceful coexistence, as there is now in the monaural field. The mass stereo market will probably be in disc, whereas the high fidelity field will probably prefer tape."

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* *one of a series*

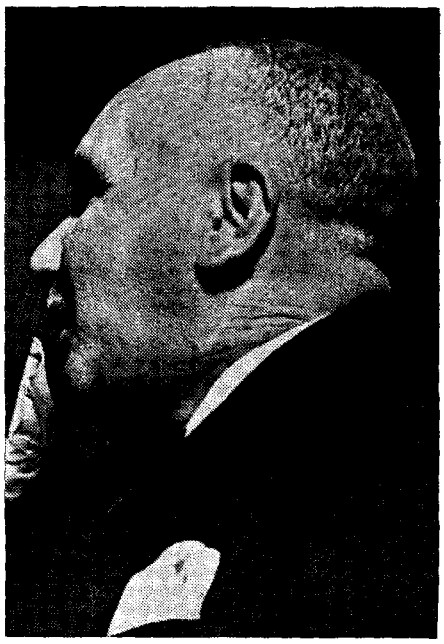
THE AMEN CORNER

Marbles and Memorials

ONE of the penalties that an institution pays for being an institution is that it often sounds like one. The timbre of its voice is all marble and delivers no very heartfelt message. This is unfortunate in jazz music. I am thinking especially of the innumerable occasions in which big and famous bands have entered the recording studio, only to sound like big and famous bands, without projecting much of the fire, the spontaneity, or indeed the easy relaxation, which characterized their appearances before listening and dancing audiences. This is perhaps not to be wondered at—musicians cannot be expected to be at ease or aglow all the time, certainly not among the gadgets and calculations of the recording studio. In any case, the late Fletcher Henderson's superb orchestra was seldom represented at anything like its full thermal value on discs, and some of the best recorded manifestations of the spirit of Duke Ellington and Count Basie have come not from their full bands, but from smaller elements of those bands gathering in the studio with an admirable intimacy and ease.

These remarks are prompted by three of this month's LPs. The unforgettable ardor of the Fletcher Henderson band is wonderfully recaptured in "The Big Reunion" (Jazztone J1285) by a constellation of former Henderson stars under the direction of trumpeter Rex Stewart. The other names should be mentioned: Emmett Berry, Taft Jordan, Joe Thomas, trumpets; J. C. Higginbotham, Benny Morton, Dicky Wells, trombones; Garvin Bushell, Hilton Jefferson, Coleman Hawkins, Ben Webster, Haywood Henry, saxophones; Buster Bailey, clarinet; Red Richards, piano; Al Casey, guitar; Bill Pemberton, bass; Jimmy Crawford, drums. The numbers include such classic Henderson arrangements as "Sugar Foot Stomp," "Wrappin' It Up" and "King Porter Stomp." This is far from being the most sonorously rich or technically perfect record ever made; the eminent soloists are sometimes in superb form (with special marks to Jefferson and Hawkins) and sometimes less effective; but the band as a whole provides the Henderson experience—lusty and commanding jazz, a matter of orchestrations ideally suited to stimulate the improvisers. I can see the delicate ghost of Fletcher, dropping his fine fingers momentarily from the keyboard in order to enjoy what is going on around him.

In "Duke With a Difference: Clark Terry" (Riverside RLP 12-246) we have an Ellingtonian distillation which is a small band gem. If the key word for Henderson (and I am fully aware of the risk of such condensations) is ardor, that for Ellington is elegance. It applies to many of the notable compositions by Duke and his associate Bill Strayhorn, to their suave elaboration by the band, to the flourish of the soloists. Even in his most famous "jungle" music, such as "Black and Tan Fantasy," Ellington is a very long way from the Congo. Fletcher Henderson was perfectly, indeed fastidiously, at home in a musician's tuxedo; with Ellington it has always been a matter of tails. And elegance is at the core of "Duke With A Difference." The "difference," fortunately, is not spiritual, but a matter of such delightful details as replacing the piano in some numbers with the vibraphone. In addition to trumpeter Terry, the players are Johnny Hodges, alto sax; Paul Gonsalves, tenor sax; Britt Woodman or Quentin Jackson, trombone; Billy Strayhorn, piano; Tyree Glenn, vibes; Jimmy Woode, bass; and Sam Woodyard, drums. Clark Terry's arrangements of such Ellington standards as "Mood Indigo" and "Take the A Train" are a subtle



Henderson—"lusty and commanding."

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draping of these themes, and they give plenty of opportunity for his high style of trumpet embroidery.

I seem to have jockeyed myself into a position where I must supply a key word for Count Basie. At best, heaven knows, he has his own ardor and elegance, but I think the quality which has most struck me, especially in the great early years, is a certain quiet mesmerism. Underlying this was the wonderfully dulcet and propulsive rhythm section (Green, Page, Jones) with which he opened his metropolitan career. Then there were the Basie arrangements, with their deliberate, subtle use of riffs (short phrases repetitive in rhythm). These served as a setting for soloists of a markedly cool fluidity, notably the great tenor saxophonist Lester Young. And, finally, there were the many lightly urgent piano passages by Basie himself. The whole music, in short, was designed to swing the listener in the most insinuating way. Mesmeric it was. By way of example there is "For Basie" (Prestige 7127), a small band disc inspired by the big band's work and including a number of its players. Here is the original rhythm section of Freddie Greene, guitar; Jo Jones, drum; and the late Walter Page, bass (he died last December). At the piano is a frequent Basie arranger, Nat Pierce, who is thoroughly imbued with the Basie idiom. Paul Quinichette is on the tenor saxophone, and Shad Collins on the trumpet. The numbers are all classics from the Basie book, and the hypnotic effect alluded to is evident in all of them.

DEVOTEES of the exceedingly delicate and controlled piano of John Lewis (leader of the Modern Jazz Quartet) will find a splendid program of his playing, including original works, on "The John Lewis Piano" (Atlantic 1272). Bobby Brookmeyer's highly inventive, beautifully articulated valve trombone playing is to be heard in "The Street Swingers" with the unusual support of Jim Hall and Jimmy Raney on two guitars; Bill Crow, bass; and Osie Johnson, drums. Brookmeyer is also featured on the piano (World Pacific PJ-1239). In "The Gerry Mulligan Song Book, Vol. 1" the irrepressible baritone saxophonist plays seven of his own compositions. The disc is a cornucopia for saxophonists, for the leader has had the characteristic nerve to pose himself against some of the finest horn men on the scene: Zoot Sims, Al Cohn, Lee Konitz, and Allen Eager. They are backed by Freddie Greene's sovereign guitar, Henry Grimes, bass, and Dave Bailey, drums (World Pacific PJ-1237). —WILDER HOBSON.

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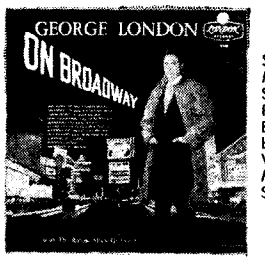

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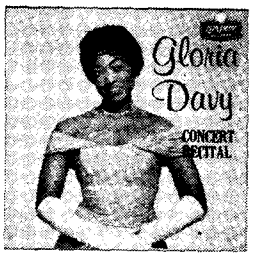

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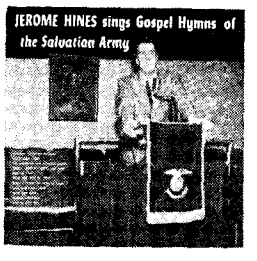

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THE OTHER SIDE

Russians at Festival Hall, Dart on Discs

LONDON.

RUSSIAN artistic invasions are now accepted as a very normal feature of the London season, and what began with compact "cultural delegations," whose brief visits were decidedly propagandist in flavor, has lost much of its political significance as performers come and go freely under the auspices of leading British managements. At Christmas time some brilliant Russian acts were to be seen in Tom Arnold's circus and for many weeks past the Ukrainian State Cossack Company has been delighting capacity audiences at one of our largest thatres while, more recently, three leading Soviet musicians appeared at the Festival Hall. One of these, violinist Igor Bezrodny, had been a member of the very first "delegation" I can recall, and his performance of the Kabalevsky Concerto had made us eager to hear him again. His performances of D major Concertos by Mozart and Beethoven proved slightly disappointing despite some passage of ravishing cantilena and, as though aware of this, he proceeded to redeem himself with a masterly account—by way of encore!—of Bach's Chaconne.

Directing the Philharmonia Orchestra on this occasion was another young Russian, Gennadi Rozhdestvensky, whose workmanlike, intelligent reading of Tchaikovsky's "Pathetic" Symphony, mercifully free from meretricious exaggeration, rounded off an overlong concert to the entire satisfaction of a packed auditorium. Would that the Festival Hall had been as well filled a few days earlier, for the song recital by Zara Dolukhanova, a youthful Armenian mezzo-soprano of striking presence whose vocal accomplishments are of a kind which, as our elders frequently insist, can be found today only on pre-electric recordings. Dolukhanova's is a voice of ample power and remarkable beauty, wonderfully smooth and even over the entire compass, controlled with the technical assurance of a virtuoso violinist. Her superb trills, her effortless coloratura are worth going a very long way to hear, and when she ended her last encore—Rossini's "La Danza" —with a long and perfectly controlled diminuendo on the final top note, it seemed as though some "time machine" had taken us back half a century into the golden age of bel canto.

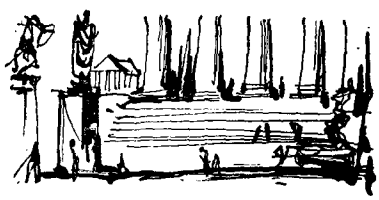
If, nevertheless, I came away from the Festival Hall with slightly mixed feelings this was because, having spent much of the evening visualizing Miss Dolukhanova in my mind's eye as Carmen, Delilah, Fricka, Orfeo, Cenerentola, Rosina, and Berlioz's Dido, I learned that she does not, in fact, appear in opera at all but devotes her entire career to the concert platform. No doubt she has her reasons for this singular abnegation, yet with such natural poise and vivaciousness added to her outstanding vocal gifts the outside observer may be forgiven for feeling slightly cheated, the more so since some recent imported recordings of Rossini arias show a supremacy which she cannot hope to achieve in German and French art songs.

Appropriately, from DGG comes a recording by the Leningrad Philharmonic, the first of the series in which we are offered the Russian view of a German symphony: Beethoven's Second. Perhaps "Russian view" is not quite accurate, since the conductor is German-born Kurt Sanderling, yet his meticulous, smooth, and rather slow-paced reading differs markedly from any to which we have become accustomed without, however, carrying a great deal of conviction. Of all the Russian musicians who have yet to appear in this country, the one whom everyone would most like to hear is undoubtedly the pianist Sviatoslav Richter. Alas, there seems little likelihood that our wish will be fulfilled. His latest Supraphon record finds him partnered by the Czech Philharmonic in Tchaikovsky's B flat minor Concerto, and such is the brilliance and mastery of his playing that one is left vainly groping for words to do it justice.

Stimulation of a very different order can be obtained from the first issues in a new Oiseau-Lyre series by the Philomusica of London (formerly the Boyd Neel Orchestra) under its remarkable director, Thurston Dart. This series is devoted to "The Orchestral Works of J. S. Bach" and will, I imagine, embrace all the Suites and Concertos. So far we have had two discs containing the four Suites as well as the Sixth Brandenburg Concerto; a third, already announced, will add two further Brandenburgs—Nos. 3 and 5—together with the D minor Concerto for two violins. Since the works in question are anything but neglected, new recordings would scarcely deserve more than a passing reference were it not for the fact that Mr. Dart is one of those rare musicians who take nothing for granted, least of all performing traditions which ignore the fruits of historical research. He is, of course, a scholar of great distinction, but his approach is always that of the practical, practising musician and in consequence his performances are as exhilirating as they are challenging.

THE same performers also contribute a Mozart disc, coupling a delightful account of the Serenata Notturna and a pair of the Epistle Sonatas (with the organ part played on a one-stop chamber instrument) with a performance of "Eine kleine Nachtmusik" which attempts to restore its original Serenade character by inserting a second Menuetto (taken from the B flat Piano Sonata, K. 498a) after the opening Allegro, by observing both repeats in the latter and by taking an unusually lighthearted view of the Romanze. Yet another Philomusica recording is devoted to the music of John Dowland (1562-1626), whose lute songs and great skill as a performer brought him unique renown all over Europe. Here, however, he is represented by his most celebrated volume of consort music, the "Lachrimae, or seaven Teares figured in seaven passionate Pavans, with divers other Pavans, Galiards, and Almands, set forth for the Lute, Viols, or Violons, in five parts" which, needless to say, have been newly edited for this recording by the indefatigable Mr. Dart, under whose direction they receive beautiful and stylish performances.

The Decca list for April includes a new Debussy coupling—"Printemps" and the Children's Ballet, "La Boîte à Joujoux" (orch. Caplet)—from Ansermet and the Suisse Romande, who have also remade "La Mer," the "Prélude à l'après-midi d'un faune" and Ravel's "Rapsodie Espagnole" presumably with stereophonic implications. The Kubelik/Vienna Philharmonic Brahms series continues with the 3rd Symphony, and admirers of Benjamin Britten's music are well catered for with two choral works recorded for the first time (under the composer's direction): "A Boy was born," written at the age of nineteen (though lately revised) and described as Choral Variations, and the Festival Cantata, "Rejoice in



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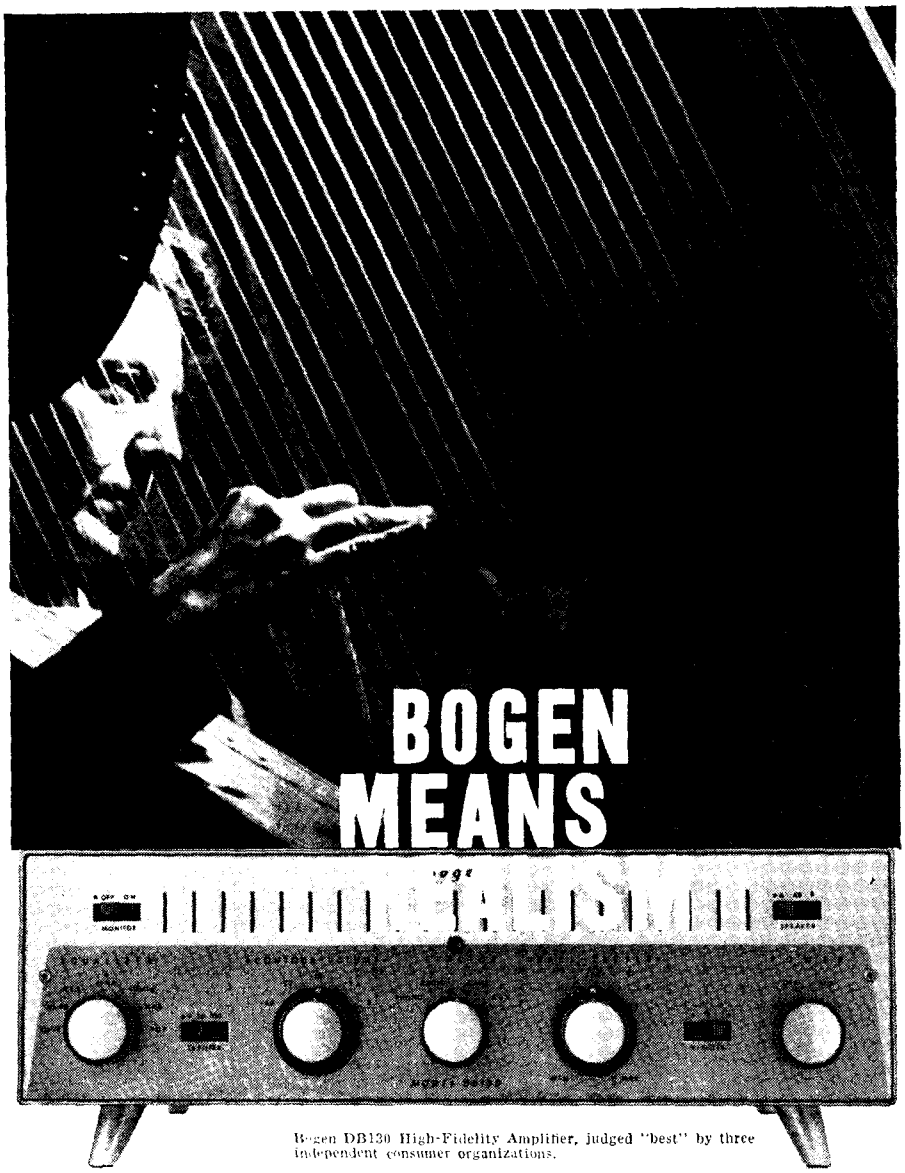
the Lamb" (1943). Both works contain music of much charm and originality, though their essentially precious character will hardly be to everyone's taste.

Recent RCA issues, especially the opera sets made in Rome, have proved decidedly disappointing, not only as performances but also from the technical angle. Vocal style is not the first prerequisite for a successful "Tosca," and even if Milanov, Björling, and Warren had been in top form—which they are not—the performance would still have remained uninspired for want of characterization; Leinsdorf's direction, too, I find unconvincing—despite Puccini's well-known admiration for the Wizard of Bayreuth "Tosca" should not sound as Wagnerian as it does here!—and the harsh, coarse-grained quality of the recording suggests some careless engineering either "on location" or, more probably, at Camden, New Jersey. That RCA can turn out recordings of the greatest excellence is shown by an album of excerpts from "The Sleeping Beauty," finely played by the London Symphony Orchestra under Monteux (though I suspect that Decca engineers may have had a hand in this), but the same conductor's account of Gluck's "Orfeo" promises far more than it fulfils.

ALTHOUGH Philips has not as yet issued its French "Orphée" with Simoneau in the title-rôle, Columbia has seen to it that we shall not lack the French version with a tenor Orpheus. On the whole this set, a recreation of the 1955 Aix Festival production with Nicolai Gedda and Janine Micheau, conducted by Louis de Froment, offers the most stylish performance now available, although I would still prefer a really fine Italian recording, with Orpheus sung by a contralto or mezzo-soprano. What a tragedy it is that Toscanini only left us his incomparable reading of the second act; it makes one long for the unattainable remainder and leaves one impatient with lesser performances.

Vox's decision to put the whole of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony onto a single disc has certainly brought handsome dividends, for PL 10,000 has been a real best-seller. Now, however, a rival has appeared on Philips's Fontana label, featuring a particularly good solo quartet—Stitch-Randall, Rössl-Majdan, Dermota, and Schöffler—with the Vienna State Opera Chorus and Symphony Orchestra under Karl Böhm. Not an inspired performance this, but a competent reading and, all things considered, admirably recorded.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.



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PERSPECTIVES IN JAZZ

How Square Is Musical Comedy?

DURING the past year, jazz has rocketed into a new orbit: musical comedy. The count-down took place off-stage, however, on long-play recordings. Now jazz versions of current musical comedies are beginning to compete with "original cast" versions, a competition made possible by the vast difference between the two. For it is a strange fact that nc American musical comedy has made effective use of jazz (or the jazz-dance) in our time.

Some enchanted evening, during a key scene in a musical comedy—a tender love scene, a dance sequence, or a rousing finale—a jazzman will rise and improvise luminously on the melody, sharpening the impact of the entire performance. A complex phenomenon will occur: each night, the music for the scene will be, in part, created anew to intensify the desired response as it builds from the interaction of cast and audience. The tune and arrangement will be the same, but the improvised melody will vary just enough to ignite the full potential of the scene.

It hasn't happened yet. For American musical comedy, strictly speaking, isn't very American. The form is a hash of "Singspiel, comic opera, operetta, opera-bouffe, burlesque (in its historic aspect), and pantomime," as Cecil Smith observes—all of European origin. And although the setting is sometimes American, the plot and characters are most often stereotypes from abroad. (Thus, because of their transplanted characters and plots, such worthy exceptions as the jazz-oriented "Beggar's Opera," "The Hot Mikado," "Carmen Jones," and "Swinging the Dream" are not entirely American.) Most important of all, while the lyrics have frequently attained the vernacular of idiomatic American speech, the choreography and music have gone lusting after ballet and opera.

For the performance of music in musical comedy has been no more than "jazzy"—in the sense of corny and old-fashioned—since the late twenties. At that time, after intermittent progress beginning as early as 1898, the last major breakthrough occurred. Returning from Europe sometime in 1931, the arranger Robert Russell Bennett was startled by the accent on jazz. Among other examples, he may have heard the pit band of Red Nichols playing "I Got Rhythm"

—*Popsie.*

Chico Hamilton—"almost classical."

in "Girl Crazy." Something new—at the time—was being added.

We can document this stage in pit-band styles. In October, 1931, Red Nichols, using his show arrangement and most of his regular personnel, including Glenn Miller, Gene Krupa, Benny Goodman, and Jack Teagarden, recorded "I Got Rhythm" (Brunswick 4957). Unlike his earlier recordings, this recording has little or no improvisation and the overall effect might be charitably described today as "peppy," although it seemed quite lively at the time. In 1958—almost thirty years later—on the infrequent occasions when jazz is attempted in musical comedy, the style is about the same.

To select a few milestones in the trend away from jazz: in "Oklahoma" (1943), hailed as an all-American musical comedy, Agnes de Mille, with smashing success and no little added prestige, "raised" choreography to the level of modern dance and ballet. The jazz-dance—and jazz—were discarded. In "Finian's Rainbow" (1947), except for the brief appearance of Sonny Terry, no jazz was utilized, although the tune "That Great Come-and-Get-It Day" cried for a cakewalk dance and a Dixieland beat. So, too, with "South Pacific" (1949)—the most animated numbers were played at best in a "peppy" fashion.

MORE recently, Frank Loesser's "Most Happy Fella" (which tries for jazz in a harvest-dance sequence), Leonard Bernstein's "Candide," and Gian-Carlo Menotti's "The Consul" have gone the way of all opera. Not that there's anything wrong with

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opera and kindred forms, but we seem to be reacting like artistic colonials ignoring the contribution which jazz could make. Nowadays, when a musical comedy needs a swinging background—however brief—nobody seems to know what to do.

The possibilities are abundantly clear, however, in the jazz versions on LP and the variety of treatment is startling. The chamber-music approach is taken by the Mastersounds' "King and I" (Pacific Jazz 405), featuring the vibraphone in a subdued but palatable manner. The Tony Scott Quintet's "South Pacific Jazz" (ABC-Paramount 235) lacks the cohesion but flows more energetically. And the Chico Hamilton Quintet's "South Pacific" (Pacific Jazz 1238), neatly arranged for contrasts with cello and flute, combines the best of both and, indeed, sounds almost classical at times. Any of these groups could be highly effective on stage.

ON THE other hand, the modern big-band treatment—with swinging solo improvisation—is available on Manny Albam's "West Side Story" (Coral 57207) and Billy Taylor's "My Fair Lady—Loves Jazz" (ABC-Paramount 177). Here is the ideal pit-band, playing straight when needed and swinging out when more vitality is called for. A variation on the big-band approach, with Afro-Cuban flavoring, adds rhythmic excitement to Don Elliott's "Jamaica Jazz" (ABC-Paramount 228) where conga drummer Candido is featured.

A rare choice is offered by two current versions of "The Music Man." On the Jimmy Giuffre recording (Atlantic 1276), the folk flavor is brought to a slow and gentle boil; on the Jimmy MacPartland recording (Epic 3433), the marching rhythms of Dixieland jazz are drawn upon with exhilarating effect. Perhaps the most palatable of all jazz versions of musical comedy, however, are the inventive and playful piano-trio interpretations of Andre Previn and Shelly Manne: "My Fair Lady," "Li'l Abner," and "Pal Joey" (Contemporary 3527, 3533, 3543).

What lies ahead? Since the twenties, jazzmen have adopted show tunes off and on, more recently adding vocals—compare Armstrong's metamorphosis of "Mack the Knife"—but the transformation of any one musical comedy has yet to be accomplished. "Oh Captain" (MGM 3650), by the Leonard Feather-Dick Hyman All Stars, suggests the next step. For the first time, jazz vocals are effectively incorporated. Singer Marilyn Moore, for example, transforms "Give It All You've Got" into a deeply-felt and earthy blues. Musical comedy needn't be square. —MARSHALL W. STEARNS.

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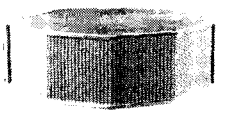

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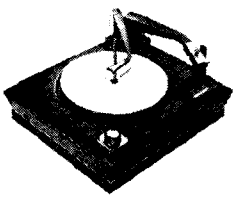

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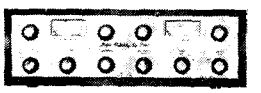

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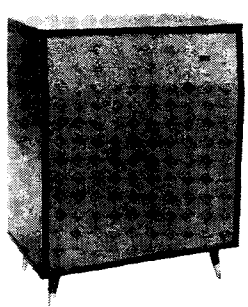
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Swing to Stereo

Continued from page 40

cation of sound to make it possible to discard about fifty percent of the difference information and still have enough signal left to produce a balanced stereophonic effect. They hold further, that this reduction of signal also reduced the vertical movement of the playback stylus; thus the wear on both stylus and disc are brought to the level sustained by monaural equipment.

The effect of this announcement was to set off a battle of claims, counter-claims, and demonstrations. Unfortunately however, there has been no opportunity for hearing the Goldmark, the Minter and the 45-45 systems tested under identical conditions. And while each sounds excellent in the separate demonstration, the demonstrations are designed to prove quite different contentions. For instance, RCA Victor's 45-45 discs compare quite favorably with its high quality tape masters and there is no question that where compatibility is not a consideration, its discs are excellent.

On the other hand, Goldmark's demonstration, like Minter's, was designed to prove compatibility, and while no comparison tests were made between its product and tape, its discs reproduced the spacial effect expected of stereophony and, when played monaurally, compared favorably with the standard we have come to expect of high fidelity recordings. Played with monaural pickups the discs gave the impression of a full-range recording. Thus, for this listener at least, Goldmark proved his contention.

However, it appears that there will be no industrial warfare this time, for Columbia has just announced its intention to produce a *non*-compatible record which will "conform to the technical standards adopted by both the record and phonograph industries." In paying tribute to Goldmark's and the CBS (Columbia Broadcasting System) Laboratories' compatible disc as "a brilliant technical breakthrough," this announcement left the feeling that work on Goldmark's development will continue and that "in time, any existing technical problems will be solved." For the while, however, stereophonic results will begin with a stereophonic stylus, and it may be the link to a new kind of compatibility—for a stereophonic disc (with the proper pickup) played on conventional monaural equipment will perform as well if not better than any record now made.

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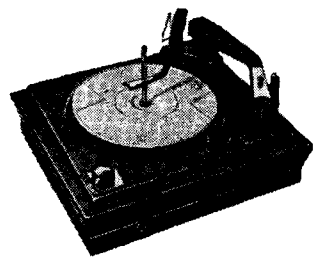
Edward Tatnall Canby, February 1958 issue, Audio Magazine



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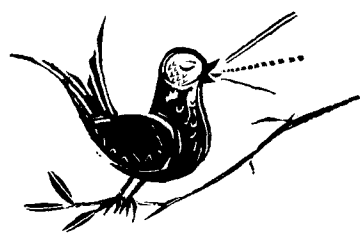

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Spotlight on Moderns

By OLIVER DANIEL

Subtle Twelve-Toner

FINNEY: *Quartet No. 6 in E. The Stanley Quartet.* WEISS: *Trio for Clarinet, Viola and Cello. Kalman Bloch, clarinet; Abraham Weiss, viola; Kurt Reher, cello.* CRI-116, $5.95.

THE QUARTET NO. 6, of Ross Lee Finney, excellently played here by the Stanley Quartet, has moments of compelling beauty. Mechanically the work is dodecaphonic—constructed on a twelve-tone row—but it is stylistically original and subtle. In Finney's music one is conscious of a sense of true musical mastery. His long experience as a pedagogue (now at the University of Michigan) has probably whetted his compositional skill. But no composer with such qualities should hide them under any bushel of academic duties. Fortunately, the music of Finney is not academic. In contrast to the business of the music that precedes it, the third movement of this four-movement work is an interlude of really haunting loveliness. The Stanley Quartet which has performed this work often, plays it in a seasoned manner. The sound is intimate and clean. It is without question a significant addition to quartet literature. So too is the Trio of Weiss in its own form. Also written in the twelve-tone idiom, it is unpinched by theory. Weiss achieves considerable freedom of motion despite a rather limited ensemble. A devotee of Schoenberg, Weiss was his first American student. This contact exerted a profound influence upon his style and development. But Weiss has achieved a remarkable professional mastery in handling his *materia musica.* While he finds intellectual stimulation in wrestling with many imposed complexities, the end result in his music is both poetic and powerful, at times tense and always provocative.

Praises to the American Academy and the National Institute of Arts and Letters for exhibiting composers on records as they have long done for painters in the exhibition halls of the Institute. The recording here is first rate.

The first recording in this Academy series contained some unusually attractive piano music and songs by Irving Fine and a prickly tour de force by Henry Brant called "Angels and Devils," subtitled Concerto for Flute Solo with Flute Orchestra (CRI-106). This is a remarkable essay in sonic brilliance: flute notes leap, soar, gurgle, tweet and rumble. The gamut could hardly be stretched further.

Another Tschaikovsky

KABALEVSKY: *"The Comedians." Moscow Philharmonic, conducted by Dimitri Kabalevsky.* VASSILENKO: *"Suite on Chinese Themes," Op. 338.* TCHAIKOVSKY: *Sinfonietta for String Orchestra.* VLASSOV: *"Rhapsody on Roumanian Themes," State Orchestra of the USSR conducted by Alexander Gank.* Liberty SWL 15001, $3.98.

SINCE THE early Prokofieff and Shostakovitch, the musical flow from Russia has not been particularly exciting, and new recordings of works by Kabalevsky, Vassilenko, Vlassov and Tchaikovsky do nothing to alter that opinion. Tchaikovsky (first name, Boris) might trip many an expert on a quiz program. Born in Moscow in 1925, Boris Tchaikovsky is apparently unrelated to the Tchaikovsky of the poignant and happily endured pain. This new Sinfonietta is an agreeably pleasant diatonic piece that reminds one somewhat of the Swedish composer Dag Wiren. It lacks both individual and nationalistic profile. But according to all the canons of the late nineteenth century it is a well-written piece, tinged for a few moments by dashes of Prokofieffian color, but in the main more kin to the world of Schumann and Brahms.

Two other Soviet newcomers, Vlassov and Vassilenko, will hardly win haloes or niches in the hall of fame. Moscow-born Vladimir Vlassov should be reminded that bad composers, like bad children, should be caned lightly for pilfering, or being disrespectful to their elders. It seems inconceivable that anyone knowing the "Roumanian Rhapsodies" of Enesco should produce such a tasteless imitation as this "Rhapsody on Roumanian Themes." The jacket notes inform us that this is "typical Vlassov Commercialism." Well, so be it!

Sergei Vassilenko, who died recently in Moscow—age seventy—has written a "Suite on Chinese Themes" that is both characteristic and colorful. While being strictly Western in his

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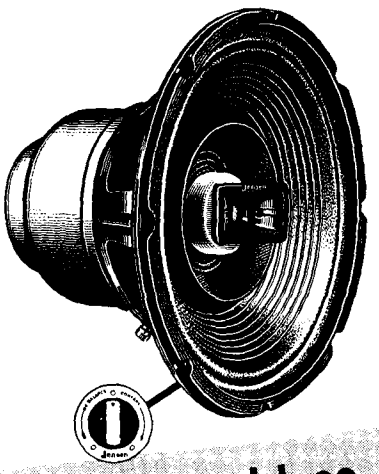

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orchestration and tonalities, he succeeds beautifully in evoking a cinematic Chinese atmosphere. For the pleasure of discovery, one should compare this with works by the Chinese-American composer Chou Wen-Chung, who so brilliantly fuses his native Chinese musical practices with western technique. Vassilenko's suite has the aural feel of a movie score and no one would be surprised to hear it as background to the Yangtze in cinemascope. The State Radio Orchestra of the USSR, conducted by Alexander Gauk, has recorded these works splendidly. They perform even more brightly for composer Dimitri Kabalevsky, who conducts his familiar suite, "The Comedians."

More on Milhaud

MILHAUD: *"Cantate Nuptiale"; "Chansons de Ronsard"; "Les Quatres Elements"; "Air from Bolivar"; "Fontaines et Sources." Janine Micheau, soprano; Orchestre de la Societe des Concerts du Conservatoire, conducted by Darius Milhaud.* Angel 35441, $3.98.

IF ONE WERE to examine the programs of our major orchestras and many minor ones as well, one would be struck by the relative absence of works by Darius Milhaud. And concerning his sixteen operas, one hears hardly a mention. Of all contemporary composers who have developed an international reputation, he is one of the least performed. Yet in output he is one of the most prolific. His opus numbers are approaching the 400 mark. Out of such creative fecundity as his, one is bound to find works of varying quality, but the great bulk is so good that the neglect seems curious.

The time when his audacious use of polytonality need shock or ruffle any delicate ear is past. What is important is the gusto, the rhythmic vitality, the attractive harmonic pungency.

This assemblage of songs and arias is a felicitous one. From a listener's point of view, they are better heard separately than in the sequence which they follow here. As with vintage wines, these pieces are best savored alone and not in bulk process. The "Wedding Cantata" based on the Song of Songs is facile and lyrical.

Contrastingly, the "Songs of Ronsard," while still flowing lyrically, are treated with more lilt and vocal sweep. Long fascinated by the beauty of Ronsard's poetry, Milhaud has treated his verses with real affection here. The third, "Tais-toi, Babillarde" (translated "Shut up, Chatterer") is in truth a minute little chatter song. The concluding song with its subject matter of swallows, tufted larks, cuckoos, nightingales, and turtle doves is sung joyously by soprano Micheau, while Milhaud's orchestral sounds warble like an aviary.

Manuela's Aria and Lullaby from "Bolivar" are tender pieces, and make one curious to hear more of Milhaud's operatic music. All of the works on this splendid Angel disc are superbly sung by Janine Micheau and conducted with joyful mastery by the composer himself.

Riegger Surprises

RIEGGER: *"Romanza," Orchestra of the "Accademia di Santa Cecilia-Roma," conducted by Alfredo Antonini.* RIEGGER: *Dance Rhythms; Music for Orchestra Oslo Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Alfredo Antonini.* AVSHALOMOV: *"The Taking of T'ung Kuan."* CAZDEN: *"Three Ballads from the Catskills," Oslo Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Igor Buketoff.* CRI 117, $5.95.

REGARDED BY most of his confreres as the dean of American composers, Wallingford Riegger is represented by three dissimilar works in performances conducted by Alfredo Antonini. The first, a little "Romanza," is based on a lullaby he wrote for children in a "Suite for Younger Orchestras." The present title for this slightly expanded string version is "Romanza" because the new version "would seem to hint at something other than childlike innocence." But compared to other more characteristic pieces, it is an innocent little gem that may some day find itself in the company of such beloved favorites as the "Traumerei," "Melody in F," or "Waltz in A Flat" that lulled older generations. In Riegger's output this is a kind of Red Riding Hood in what is usually considered to be his more wolverine musical world. The late Olin Downes would have been surprised and entertained to hear this mild piece, for he once commented in the *Times*: "Mr. Riegger's designs upon the texture of music are not innocent, or mild, or bed-time stories for the unsophisticated. They make you think of the wolf: 'The better to eat you with, my dear'."

But in the second work on this record, "Dance Rhythms," Riegger again surprises; for here is a sprightly work of almost jazzy rhythm, treated simply with but mild harmonic interest. Its vitality and charm are almost entirely derived from its rhythmic quality, just as its title suggests.

In his "Music for Orchestra" we encounter the more characteristic Riegger. Dodecaphonic in its linear structure and flavorfully dissonant harmonically, it is a work that surprises and pleases as it unfolds. I can think of no other writer of the twelve-tone persuasion who can produce works of such vitality and such sprightly movement. In this and such works of his as the splendid "Variations for Piano and Orchestra," there are moments of elfin humor. The Oslo Philharmonic sounds rich and bright in these performances of Riegger's "Dance Rhythms" and "Music for Orchestra" under Alfredo Antonini. By comparison the orchestra of the Accademia di Santa Cecilia sounds both wiry and unpoetic. This disc is an excellent introduction to Riegger whose output has included everything from arrangements of such standards as "Tea for Two" to his prize-winning "Third Symphony." Remiss are the conductors and recording companies who have overlooked his biting "Study in Sonority," "Dichotomy," and the powerful "Music for Brass Choir." To me it becomes continually more evident that Riegger is one of the strongest and most significant of our contemporary composers.

On the reverse side, Igor Buketoff, who conducts the Fort Wayne Symphony during the concert season, does a noble job with two new American scores: Jacob Avshalomov's "The Taking of T'ung Kuan" and Norman Cazden's "Three Ballads from the Catskills." China-born Jacob Avshalomov has lived in Tientsin, his birthplace, Shanghai and Peiping. That he thoroughly understands his subject matter we do not question. The result is something brash, boldly coloristic and noisy.

Norman Cazden, having spent much time collecting folk materials in the Catskills, has caparisoned impressively three oldies: "The Lass of Glenshee," "The Dens of Yarrow," and "The Old Spotted Cow." The Lass, Dens and Old Cow herself are pied with many a note their folksy progenitors never dreamed of. They seem a bit overdressed, and Buketoff and the Oslo players, while performing valiantly, seem like uncomfortable hosts who have forgotten the names of their guests and are trusting that no one will notice it. The element of authenticity is inconspicuous.

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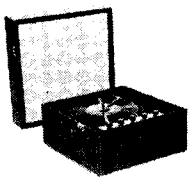

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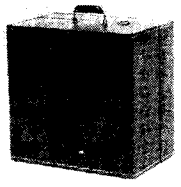

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Music to My Ears

Continued from page 23

but it never bursts into a blaze. Cassel's rollicking performance was the most substantial ally to Peter Hermann Adler's expert conducting, though Alexander was as happy a choice for Lucentio as Miss Curtin was for Kate. Sonia Stolin, in her debut as Bianca, looked well and showed a promising voice not altogether under control.

The frankly commercial appeal of "Lost in the Stars" puts it somewhat outside the nominal scope of this season. This is no illegality, but it hardly needs Ford Foundation support for a rehearing. Altogether there is more of Paton's novel in Anderson's text than in Weill's score, whose description, "musical tragedy," glosses over the many Tin Pan Alley "Negroid" devices employed.

However, the able cast headed by Lawrence Winters as Stephen Kumalo and efficiently directed by José Quintero aroused one anew to the amount of brilliant performing talent available for such ventures. Rosetta La Noire (Grace Kumalo), Emory Richardson (John Kumalo), Louis Gossett (Absalom), Douglas Turner (Matthew), and Shirley Carter (Irina) are all unfamiliar names, but each was a good singer and fine dramatic talent. Olga James also did an impressive bit as Linda. Julius Rudel's musical direction gave back to the score all it contained.

So many less imaginative, inferior examples of compositional craft than Igor Markevitch's "Icare" have been performed by the Philharmonic (and other orchestras) in the last two decades that one can only wonder why the hearing provided by Leonard Bernstein in his recent return to activity was the first in America. To be sure, Markevitch did not complete his revised edition for publication until the early 1940s, but the time lag has been inordinate in any case.

It is a work of much imaginative power, especially the lengthy section depicting the flight of Icarus and his plunge into the sea when the sun melts the wax by which the wings are fastened to his body. There is a clear indebtedness to Stravinsky in the rhythmic pulsations voiced by an uninhibited use of percussion, but there is a good deal more provided by its creator than in numerous other "Sacre"-derived scores. Bernstein's treatment was both penetrating and energizing, the performance by the orchestra first class. It would seem a ready-made matter for stereolizing.

—Irving Kolodin.

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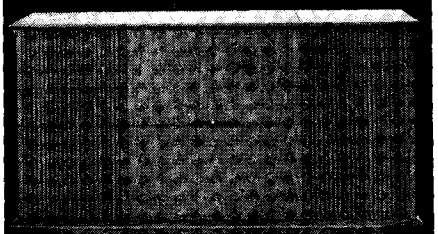

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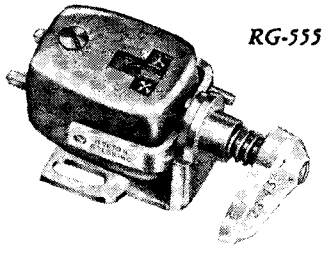

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

TALENT ALONE COUNTS

THERE IS MORE to the exchange between Eugene Lyons and I. K. about the talent of "Russians" and/or "Jews" in the fields of violin playing and chess (*SR* Mar. 29). There is danger of indulging in personal prejudice when discussing special abilities of groups and nations and races. For many years I have been aware that the prodigies in music come most frequently from family backgrounds which lead back to Eastern Europe and to the Jewish community. Social and psychological factors are responsible for this and not any particular national predisposition.

In the Orthodox Jewish communities the men devoted their lives predominantly to the study of the Talmud. They sat most of the day in the synagogue, which is called "school," and studied and studied and studied and debated. The wives were supposed to work and provide the wherewithal. After the pogroms which drove the survivors into the Western world, the men still could not adjust and continued life in the customary way. Their wives—frustrated, embittered, and enraged—would quite understandably pour their energies into their sons. It was obviously easy to keep boys with such a long-inherited background of study technique chained to another kind of study.

If for generations, your youngsters have studied the Talmud, the same patience and mental equipment can be applied to the study of the chess-board, or the fingerboard, or the keyboard. Music seemed to offer the mothers of these boys a good avenue toward relatively quick advancement out of their dismal situation.

I think that this also explains why so many prodigies do not make the transition to adult artistry, and further why so many virtuosos are deficient in broader and deeper musicianship. Their impulse has not been the love of music, but rather the ability to practice.

I am sure that the social sciences could prove that many talents ascribed blithely to certain groups are in no way inherent, but merely the result of social conditions, of psychological reactions, and of political developments.

Neither Mr. Lyons nor the Editor was quite specific in conclusions, if they had any. But I have come a long time ago to one conclusion—that in the arts, all attempts to be chauvinistic, nationalistic, manifestly patriotic, and generally virtuous are condemned to frustration. It is talent that counts, and the public does not ask for passports or birth certificates.

ERICH LEINSDORF.

Larchmont, N. Y.

CONTRA MENUHIN

AS MUCH AS I respect Mr. Menuhin's argument (*SR* Mar. 29), I find myself disagreeing with him. He is thinking of encores only from the artistic standpoint, without considering the exigencies of

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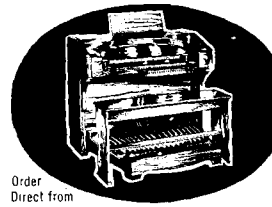

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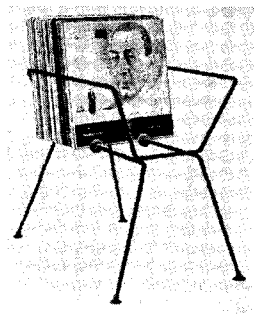

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modern living and the suburban trains that still have to be met. (It is very hard to leave a concert hall when you know somebody else is going to get more music by staying.) Yes, we want the most we can get for our money, but sometimes that "most" can be given in one selection better than two or more. I've sat through enough of those miserable encores to know what I'm talking about.

HELENE WASHER.

Chicago, Ill.

JAZZ ERROR?

I HAVE NOT written heretofore because I had hoped you would realize your error, but now I am appalled that *SR* would allow a continuance of slander, *i.e.*, Ruby Braff reviewing modern jazz (not dixieland) records. The same holds true for Eddie Condon, etc. Don't you know that dixieland musicians loathe modern jazz because they have no understanding of it or capacity to play it? Particularly *white* musicians. How can you allow a man of no emotion, Braff, to state in print, slandering modern jazz's greatest trombonist (praised equally by "critics" and fans), that "There's not a track on the album that has any emotional value," or don't you care for truth—just stilted fiction???

SUE C. CLARK.

Woodside, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The "man of no emotion" has been known to state some highly emotional opinions.*

KAYE'S CANTOR

"THE NOT-SO-SECRET Musical Life of Danny Kaye," by Abram Chasins (*SR* Mar. 29), fails to mention that Danny Kaye's small stretch as a member of a boy's choir in Newark, New Jersey, besides affording him the opportunity to sing next to Jan Peerce also exposed him to the finest cantorial music and vocal art of the day. The cantor I am referring to was my father, the late Cantor Berele Chagy, who successfully toured three continents and who made numerous records for Victor and Columbia Recording Studios.

JOHN CHAGY.

West Orange, N. J.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We credit Cantor Chagy both for Kaye and Peerce.*

SYNTHETIC MUSIC

A NUMBER OF months ago, NBC's weekend program "Monitor" conducted an interview through the British BBC on the subject of a modernistic form of music called "Synthetic Music." The information I possess is: (a) this form is created by the taping of one sound of any form except musical, and the cutting of the tape into others which are played at varying speeds on a recorder, which produces a musical effect. (b) This form originated in France. (c) RCA is working on a similar process under a different name in this country. (d) There was a symphony created by a Frenchman for this form called "The Crucifixion."

What I should like to know is whether commercial recordings (on record discs of standard speeds) have been cut, and where work has been done on this form by musicians in this country, and where this work is done and by whom.

MARGARET J. CORASICK.

Drexel Hill, Pa.

RESPECT FOR TALENT

AFTER READING the highly subjectivistic and startling statement that Sarah Vaughan is a "pseudo-singer" who should be discouraged from singing in public, a lot of us would like to reply in kind. We are almost ready to say Messrs. Gehman and Condon are pseudo-critics in the jazz field; but we can't be that sweeping.

W. E. MONAGHAN.

Ridgefield, N. J.

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Scars.	71 28 102 196 53 153 63 10 162 140
B. Achieved through struggle (comp.).	125 54 22 34 86 149 120
C. Items of valuable property.	179 159 80 124 42 21
D. Put vertical again; restored to proper position.	60 23 156 43 166 187 121
E. Sole survivor of our group (3 wds.).	165 127 64 186 103 39 147 26
F. Balances.	14 161 79 138 151
G. Display case on the street (2 wds.).	105 52 9 111 118 154 189 193 13 75
H. Official expounder of Mohammedan law.	141 171 29 61 17
I. Followed by Word K, celestial escort in "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" (3 wds.).	59 97 160 130 73 146 30
J. Oxfords (2 wds.).	96 98 68 184 107 38 129 24
K. See Word I.	69 113 51 176 143 84
L. Degree of baby's similarity to a rose in the old song.	90 82 135 89 31 2
M. Illumination for the "people too much in love to say good-night."	181 142 106 170 131 19 40 145 191

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Shallow; part of the description of the soap-box orator — "like the Platte River, and a mile wide at the mouth" (3 wds.).	164 101 158 173 77 65 25 183 37
O. Tiny, blue, silky, terrier.	180 116 18 81 136 32 110 177 44
P. A person who likes to operate solo (2 wds.)).	8 182 47 185 3 74 195 150
Q. Local popular name for fairy-ring mushrooms, which cook up black (2 wds.).	117 55 11 91 1 137 192 92
R. Dressy spelling which implies a classical meaning for a monster half-lion, half-eagle.	67 45 197 152 123 100 109
S. Large measure for liquids, esp. for one of 63 gallons U.S.	78 66 48 57 62 126 35 56
T. With that; thereupon.	122 72 83 188 194 178 119 58 4
U. Specifying a national "Institution" of learning (never "Institute").	15 36 85 70 163 16 134 76 46 94 155
V. Quality of being animate.	5 174 167 93 41 144 112 157 132
W. Any plant of the genus *Vicia*; ers.	168 108 88 7 175
X. Specifying the stock sale which eliminates right to a declared payment on the shares (2 wds.).	33 99 115 87 128 50 114 169 27 12
Y. To put in bad humor.	133 190 172 104 148 20 49 6 95 139

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

		1 Q	2 L		3 P	4 T	5 V	6 Y		7 W	8 P	9 G	10 A	11 Q		12 X	13 G
14 F	15 U		16 U	17 H	18 O	19 M	20 Y	21 C		22 B	23 D	24 J	25 N		26 E	27 X	28 A
29 H	30 I		31 L	32 O	33 X		34 B	35 S	36 U	37 N		38 J	39 E		40 M	41 V	42 C
43 D	44 O	45 R	46 U	47 P	48 S		49 Y	50 X	51 K	52 G	53 A		54 B	55 Q	56 S		57 S
58 T	59 I	60 D	61 H		62 S	63 A	64 E		65 N	66 S	67 R	—	68 J	69 K	70 U	71 A	72 T
	73 I	74 P	75 G	76 U		77 N	78 S	79 F		80 C	81 O	82 L	83 T	84 K		85 U	
86 B	87 X	88 W	89 L		90 L	91 Q		92 Q	93 V	94 U	95 Y	96 J		97 I	98 J	99 X	
100 R	101 N		102 A	103 E	104 Y	105 G		106 M	107 J	108 W	109 R		110 O		111 G	112 V	113 K
114 X		115 X	116 O		117 Q		118 G	119 T	120 B	121 D		122 T	123 R	124 C		125 B	126 S
127 E	128 X	129 J	130 I	131 M	132 V		133 Y	134 U	135 L	136 O		137 Q	138 F	139 Y		140 A	141 H
142 M	143 K	144 V		145 M	146 I	147 E	148 Y		149 B	150 P		151 F	152 R	153 A	154 G	155 U	156 D
	157 V	158 N		159 C	160 J	161 F	162 A		163 U	164 N	165 E	166 D		167 V		168 W	169 X
170 M	171 H	172 Y		173 N	174 V		175 W	176 K	177 O		178 T	179 C	180 O		181 M	182 P	183 N
184 J		185 P	186 E	187 D	188 T	189 G	190 Y	191 M	192 Q		193 G	194 T	195 P	196 A	197 R		

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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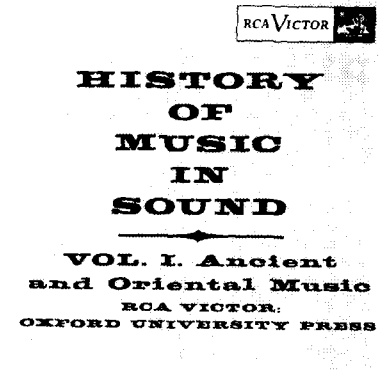

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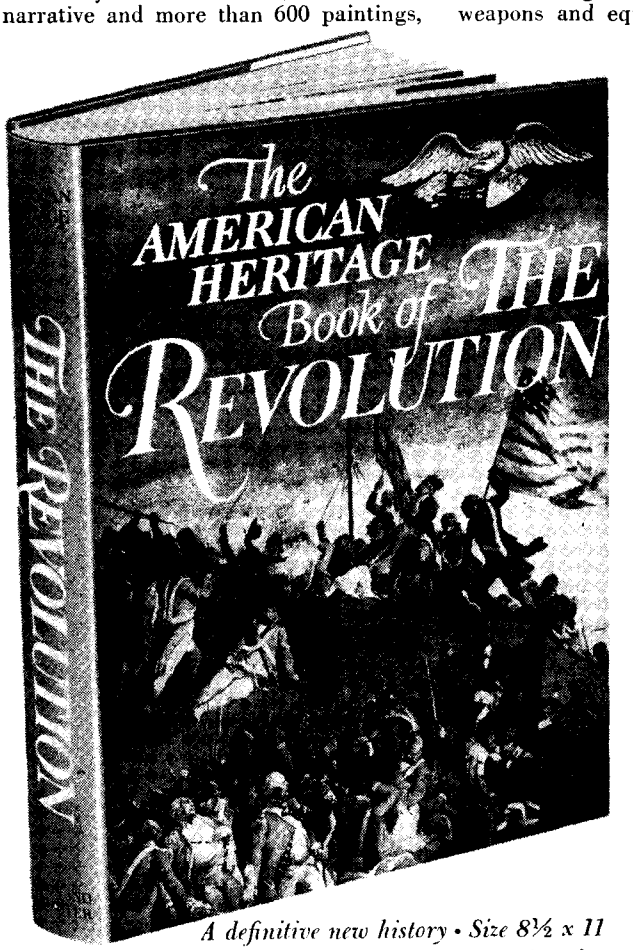

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